

JOYFUL PRAISE

M
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J6

GTU Storage



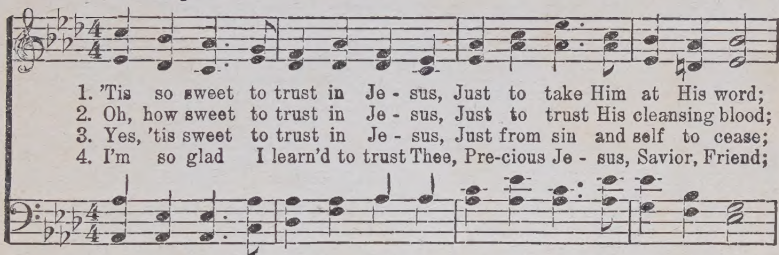
Gift of
Lloyd H. Truman
In Memory of

JOYFUL PRAISE

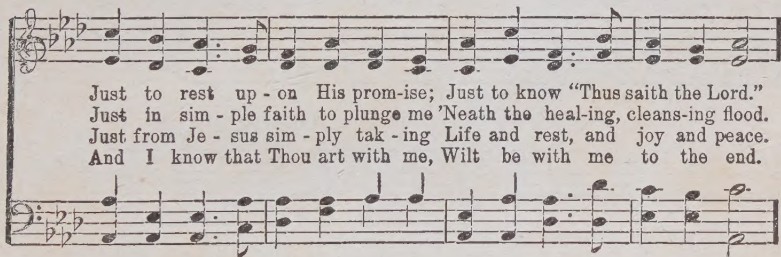
1 'Tis So Sweet to Trust In Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

M. 92 = 

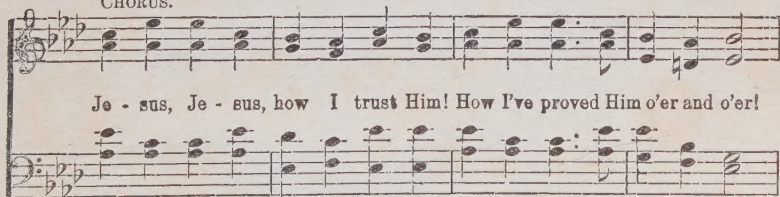


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
 2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Savior, Friend;

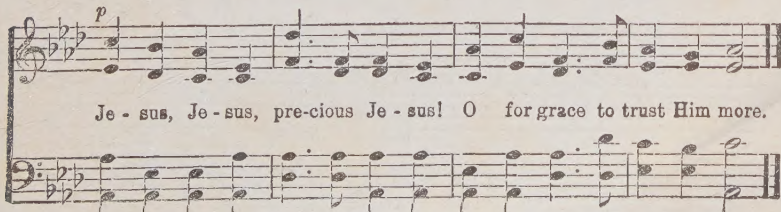


Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

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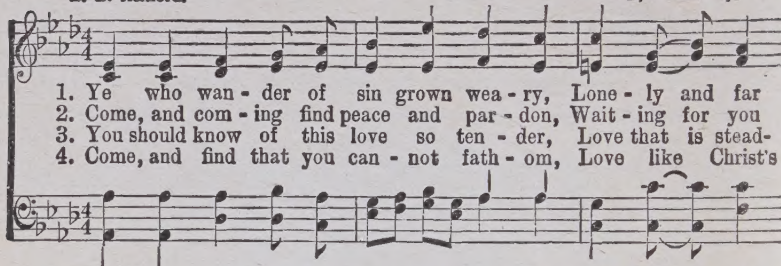
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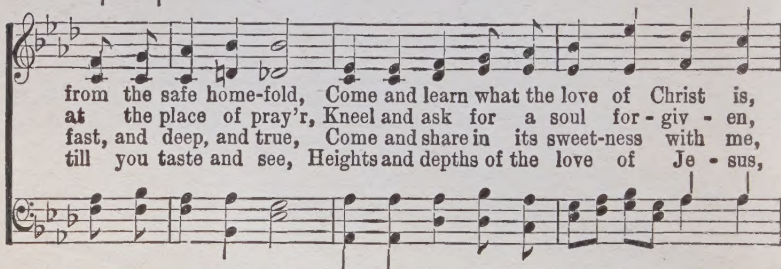
How You Will Love Him!

E. E. Rexford.

B. D. Ackley.

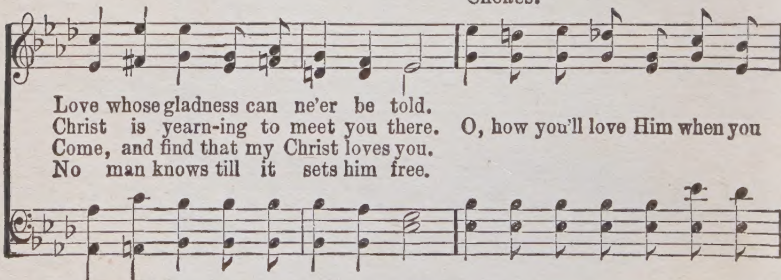


1. Ye who wan - der of sin grown wea - ry, Lone - ly and far
 2. Come, and com - ing find peace and par - don, Wait - ing for you
 3. You should know of this love so ten - der, Love that is stead -
 4. Come, and find that you can - not fath - om, Love like Christ's

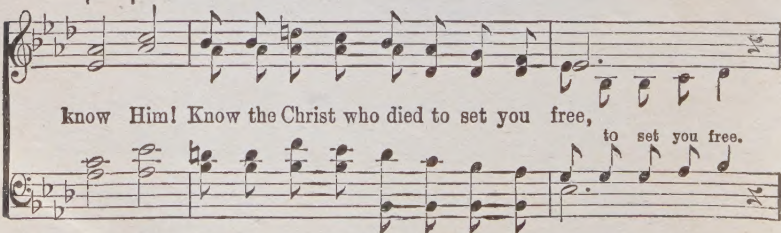


from the safe home-fold, Come and learn what the love of Christ is,
 at the place of pray'r, Kneel and ask for a soul for - giv - en,
 fast, and deep, and true, Come and share in its sweet-ness with me,
 till you taste and see, Heights and depths of the love of Je - sus,

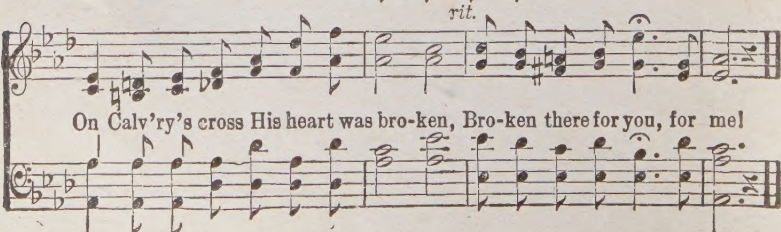
CHORUS.



Love whose gladness can ne'er be told.
 Christ is yearn-ing to meet you there. O, how you'll love Him when you
 Come, and find that my Christ loves you.
 No man knows till it sets him free.



know Him! Know the Christ who died to set you free,
 to set you free.



On Calv'ry's cross His heart was bro-ken, Bro-ken there for you, for me!

Go to the Deeps of God's Promise.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; Ask free - ly of
 2. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; And know of His
 3. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; The bless - ing is
 4. Go to the deeps of God's prom - ise; And claim what - so-

Him, and re - ceive; All good may be had for the ask - ing,
 won - der - ful might; What - ev - er would be a true bless - ing,
 nev - er de - nied; He loves, and re - mem - bers His chil - dren,
 ev - er ye will; The bless - ing of God will not fail thee,

CHORUS.

If, seek - ing, ye tru - ly be - lieve.
 For Je - sus' sake, comes as thy right.
 And ev - ery good thing is sup - plied.
 His word He will sure - ly ful - fill.

Go to the deeps of God's

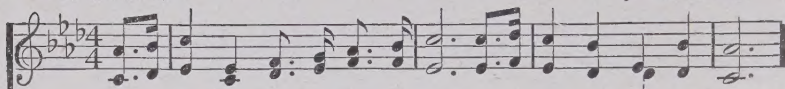
prom - ise; There's wideness of mean - ing un - told In the prom - is - es

giv - en His peo - ple, And the treasures they ev - er un - fold.

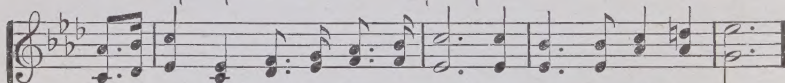
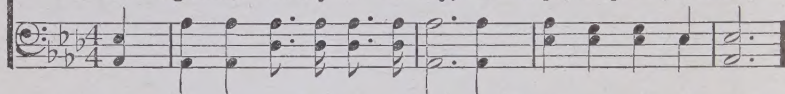
Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

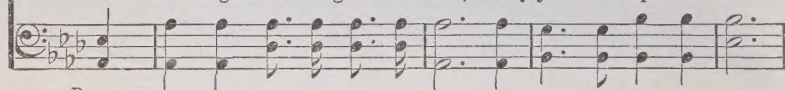
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



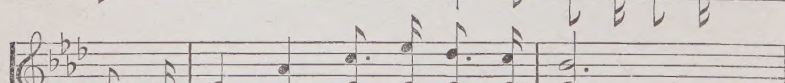
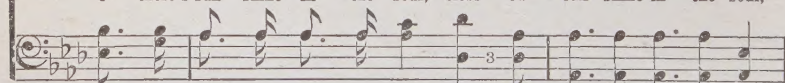
Thanglows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
 And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.



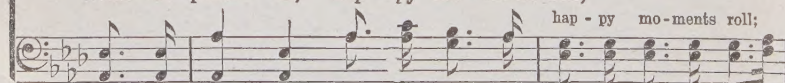
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - shine, bless - ed sun - shine,
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



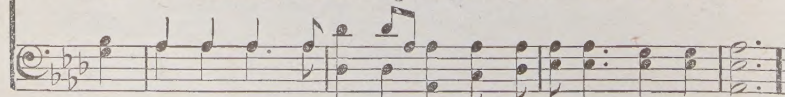
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;



hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.

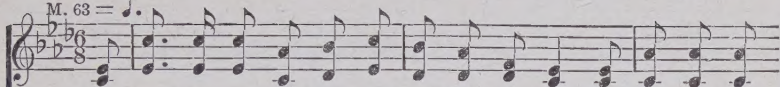


Under the Blood.

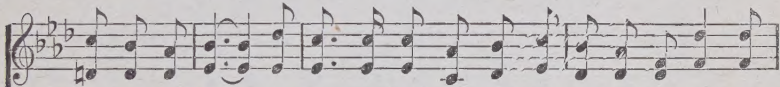
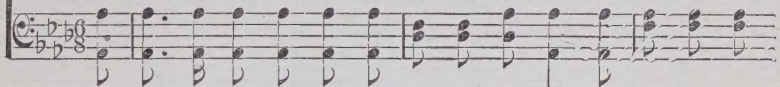
Ida A. Guirey.

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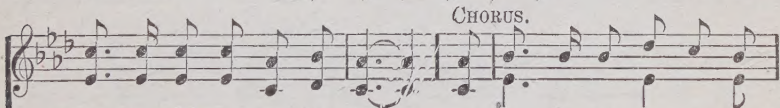
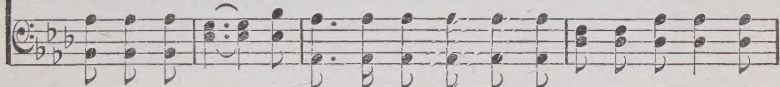
C. S. Brown.

M. 63 = ♩ .

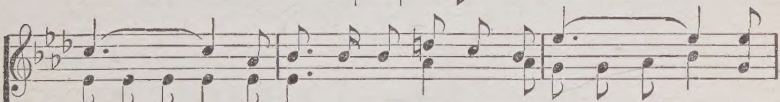
1. My sins which were man-y are all washed a - way, And now I am
 2. In Cal - va - ry's foun-tain there's life - giv - ing pow'r; I plunged and my
 3. "There's room in this foun-tain for all who will come, There's par-don and



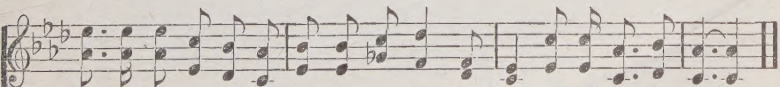
hap - py and free; I sing of God's mer-cy by night and by day, His
 heart was made whole; And now I am trust-ing my Sav-ior each hour, His
 cleans-ing for you; The mo-ment you en - ter your healing is won, And



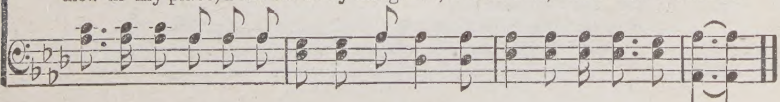
won - der - ful mer-cy to me. My sins are all un - der the
 glo - ry is fill - ing my soul. My sins are all
 you are a crea-ture made new. are all



blood,.....I'm washed in the soul-heal-ing flood;.....Christ
 un - der the blood, I'm washed in the soul - heal - ing flood;



died in my place, I am saved by His grace; Praise God, I'm un-der the blood.



The Old Rugged Cross.

G. B.

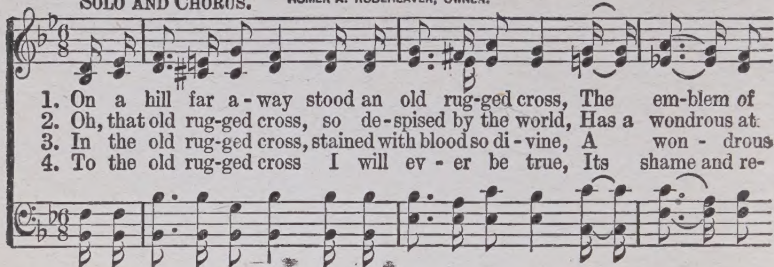
SOLO AND CHORUS.

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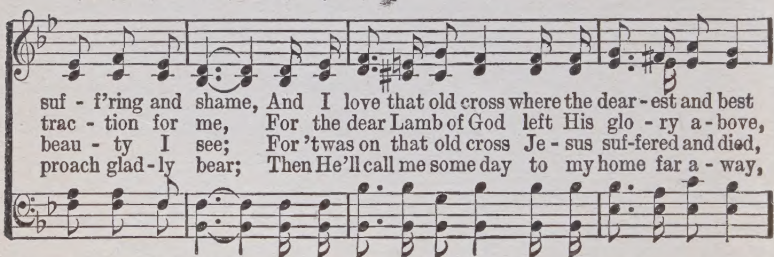
WORDS AND MUSIC.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Rev. Geo. Bennard.

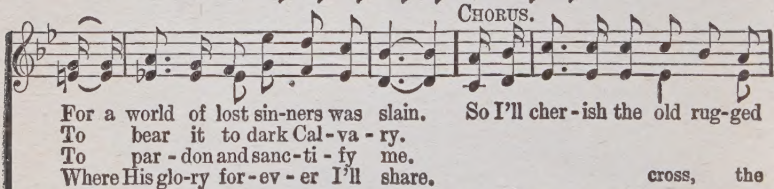


1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
 2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a wondrous at-
 3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
 4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

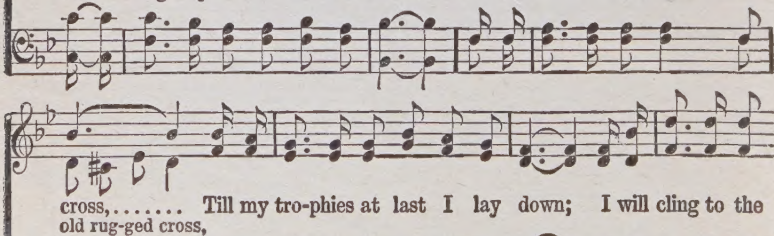


suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
 trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
 beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
 proach glad-ly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way,

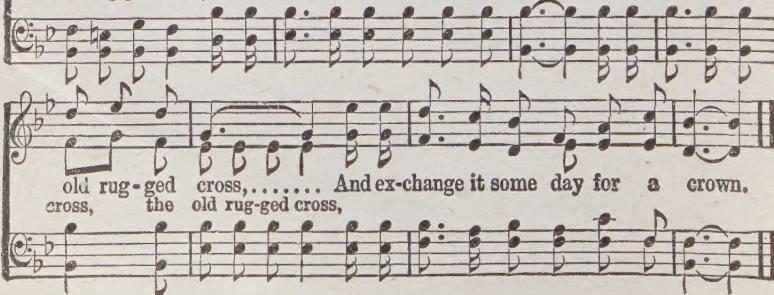
CHORUS.



For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
 To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry.
 To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
 Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share. cross, the



cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
 old rug-ged cross,




old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
 cross, the old rug-ged cross,

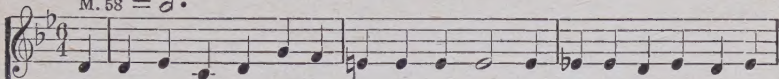
7 Help Me to Wander No More.

Fanny J. Crosby.

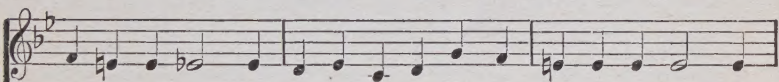
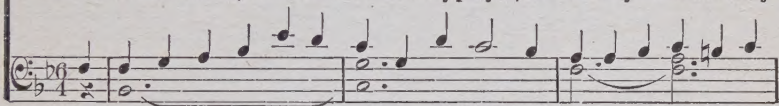
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B. D. Ackley.

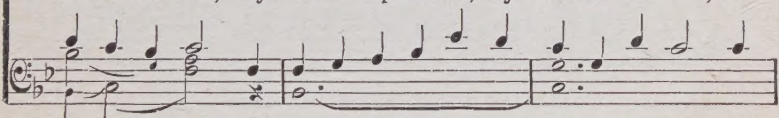
M. 58 = .



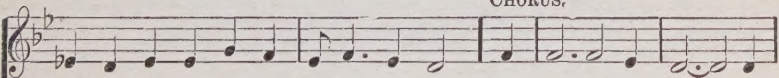
1. O Sav - ior, I come like the poor, wear-y dove, A ref-uge to find in the
2. I come to be cleansed in the fountain so free, The fountain of life Thou hast
3. O Sav - ior, I long for Thy glo - ry to live, I sigh for the peace that the
4. O Sav - ior divine, Thou hast answered my prayer; Now sweetly I rest from my



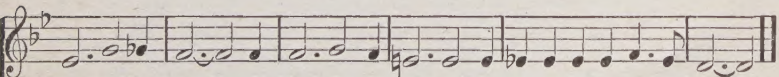
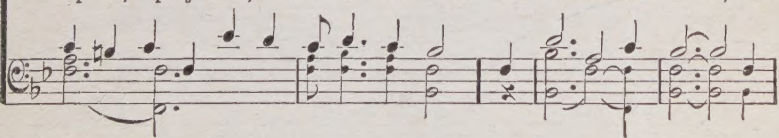
ark of Thy love; I know Thou art wait-ing my soul to re - store; O
o - pened for me; I know Thou art will-ing my soul to re - store; O
world can-not give; Thy grace and Thy Spir-it my soul can re - store; O
bur - den of care; My soul is up-lift - ed, my sor-row is o'er; O



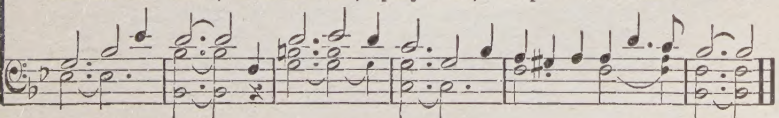
CHORUS.



help me, I pray Thee, to wan - der no more. To wan - der no more, to



wan - der no more, Dear Sav-ior, I pray Thee, O help me to wander no more.



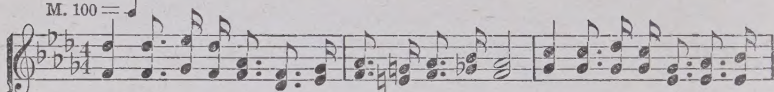
Shouting Victory.

Lizzie DeArmond.

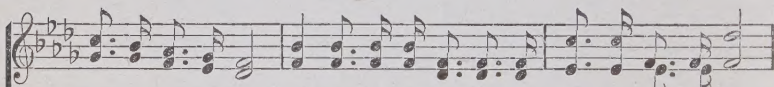
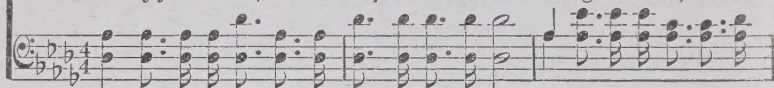
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

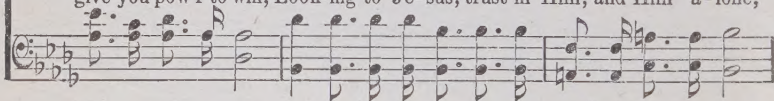
M. 100 = ♩



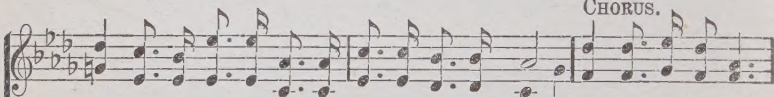
1. Stand by your colors, let each deed and action show Who you are serving, as thro'
2. Stand by your colors, let the love of Christ constrain; Thro' good and e-vil fol-low
3. Stand by your colors, nev-er com-prom-ise with sin! Strong to deliver, Christ will



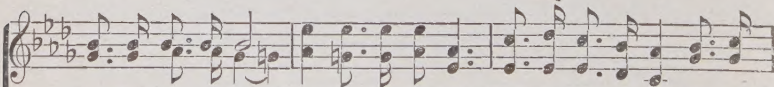
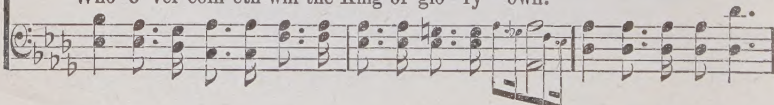
life you on-ward go; Man-y are faith-less, seek-ing world-ly praise and fame;
ev - er in His train; Up at His call-ing, mov-ing on with stead-y tread,
give you pow'r to win; Look-ing to Je-sus, trust in Him, and Him a-lone;



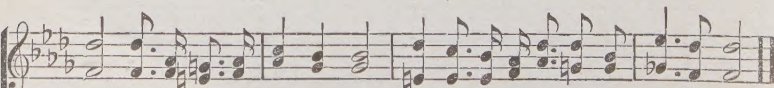
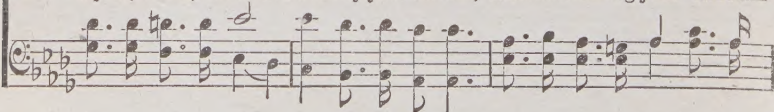
CHORUS.



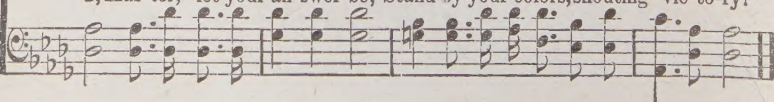
Live as a Christian! let your life re-lect His name.
Go forth re-joic-ing, for your Captain's just a - head. Stand by your col-ors,
Who o-ver-com-eth will the King of glo - ry own.



loy-al, brave, and true! Stand by your col-ors, God is watch-ing you! "Here am



I, Mas-ter," let your an-swer be, Stand by your colors, shouting "vic-to-ry!"



Tell It To-day.

C. H. C., Jr.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 88 - ♩

1. Dear is the sto - ry of won - der - ful love Told of a Sav - ior, who
 2. Hat - ed, de - spised and re - ject - ed was He, Whose word commanded the
 3. Torn were His feet by the bri - ars of scorn; Pierced was His fore - head by
 4. When, with the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, Ran - somed we stand on that

came from a - bove, Bore all our sins, and in sor - row and shame,
 wind and the sea; By whose com - pas - sion the hun - gry were fed,
 man - y a thorn; Wound - ed for us were His hands and His side,
 beau - ti - ful shore, When in His beau - ty our Sav - ior we see,

CHORUS.

Suf - fered and died a lost world to re - claim.
 Who healed the liv - ing, whose voice raised the dead. Tell it to - day, it will
 Bro - ken the heart of the Lord cru - ci - fied.
 O what a glo - ri - ous day that will be!

bright - en the way, Tell it to - day, tell it to - day; No oth - er theme can such

bles - sing be - stow; Joy will come to some - one if you tell it to - day.

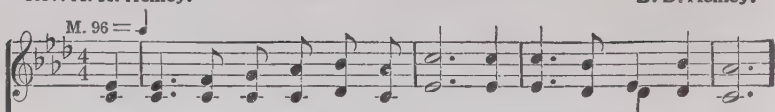
My Savior's Voice.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

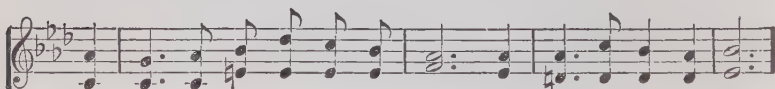
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B. D. Ackley.

M. 96 =



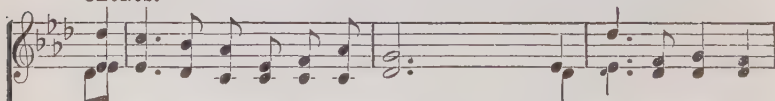
1. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that stilled the sea,
2. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that healed the blind,
3. I love to hear my Savior's voice—The voice that plead for me,
4. I love to hear my Savior's voice! The voice death could not still



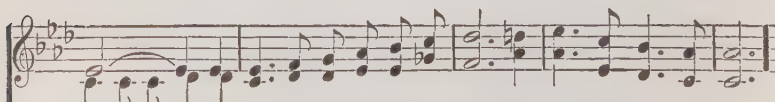
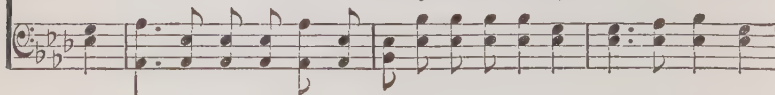
Spoke peace un - to my troub-led heart, And com - fort gave to me.
Brought light un - to my sight-less eyes, And heal-ing to my mind.
Be - neath the shad-ow of the Cross, In dark Geth-sem-a - ne.
Shall raise, tri-um-phant from the grave, All those who do His will.



CHORUS.



I love to hear my Savior's voice. No oth - er shall I
My Sav-ior's voice,



know; It is the voice of One who died, Be-cause He loved me so.
shall I know;



Sail On!

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C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus, M. 80 =

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
 2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vass torn?
 3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
 4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
 No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
 Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS, M. 88 =

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on! sail on!..... God

* *rit. e dim.* *pp*

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!"
 on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

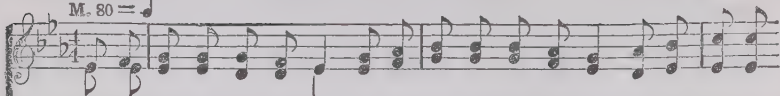
* May close here.

Calling Thee.

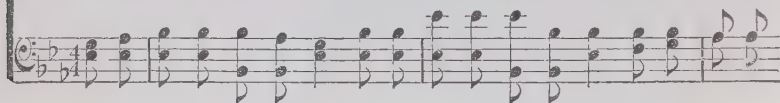
Fanny J. Crosby.

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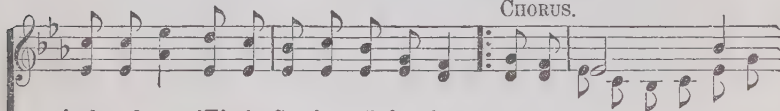
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 = 

1. Say, what mean thy tears that start, Weary child with broken heart? Lift thine eye! O
2. He has called and sought thee long; Leave the gay and careless throng; Why delay His
3. Dost thou on His name believe? Pard'ning grace wouldst thou receive? Plead with Him on
4. At the cross where once He died, At the fount He opened wide, Seek and find sal-

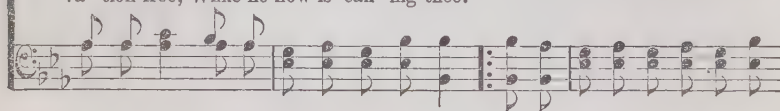


CHORUS.



look and see—'Tis the Sav-ior call-ing thee.
own to be, When He still is call-ing thee?
bend-ed knee—Love di-vine is call-ing thee.
va-tion free, While he now is call-ing thee!

He is call - - ing,
He is call-ing, call-ing, call-ing



He is call-ing, call-ing thee, Lift thine eyes! O look and see, 'Tis the
thee, call - - ing,



Sav-ior calling thee; 'Tis the Savior calling, calling, calling thee.....
call-ing, call-ing thee

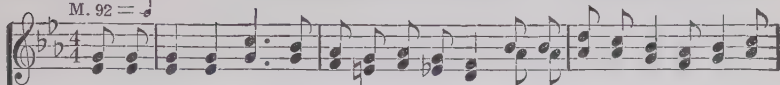


He's a Wonderful Savior to Me.

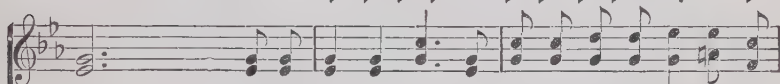
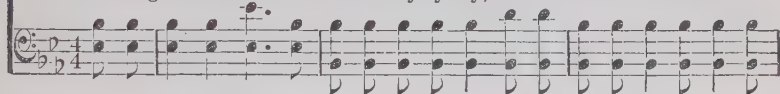
Virgil P. Brock.

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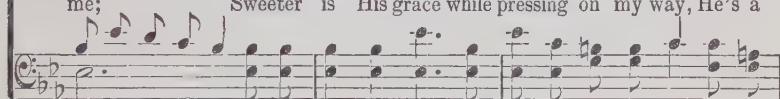
Blanche Kerr Brock.

M. 92 = 

1. I was lost in sin but Je-sus rescued me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
2. He's a Friend so true, so pa-tient and so kind, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
3. He is al-ways near to comfort and to cheer, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to
4. Dearer grows the love of Je-sus day by day, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to



me; I was bound by fear but Je-sus set me free, He's a
me; Ev-'ry-thing I need in Him I al-ways find, He's a
me; He for-gives my sins, He dries my ev-'ry tear, He's a
me; Sweeter is His grace while pressing on my way, He's a

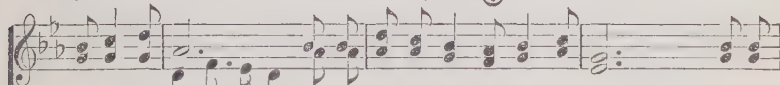
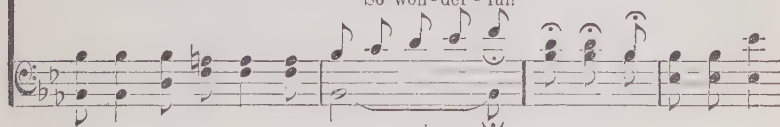


So won-der-ful!

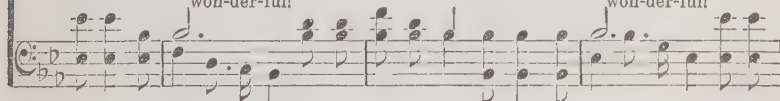
CHORUS.



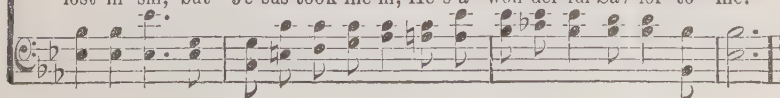
won-der-ful Sav-ior to me..... For He's a won-der-ful
So won-der-ful!



Sav-ior to me, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me; I was
won-der-ful! won-der-ful!



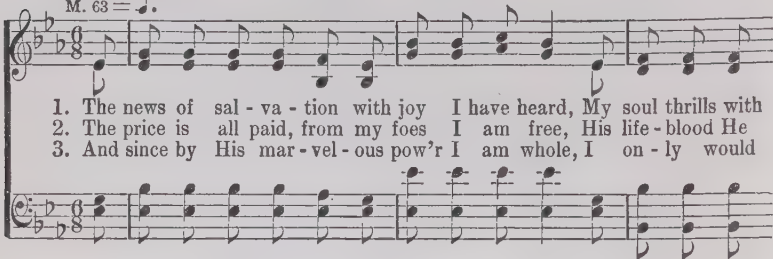
lost in sin, but Je-sus took me in, He's a won-der-ful Sav-ior to me.



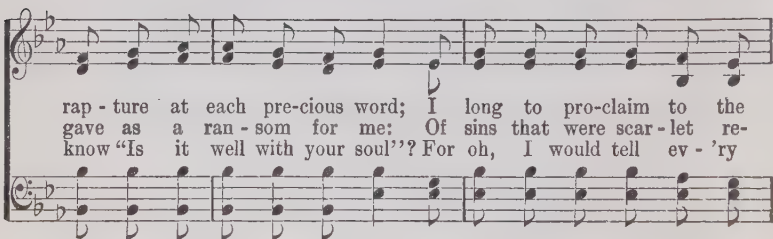
Ina Duley Ogdon.

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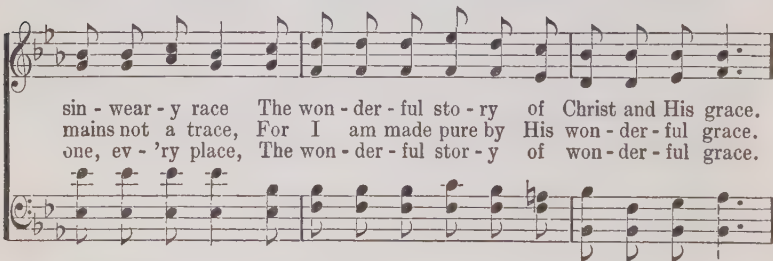
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 63 = 


1. The news of sal - va - tion with joy I have heard, My soul thrills with
 2. The price is all paid, from my foes I am free, His life - blood He
 3. And since by His mar - vel - ous pow'r I am whole, I on - ly would

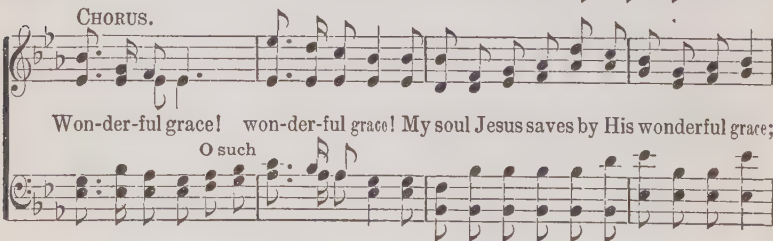


rap - ture at each pre - cious word; I long to pro - claim to the
 gave as a ran - som for me: Of sins that were scar - let re -
 know "Is it well with your soul"? For oh, I would tell ev - 'ry

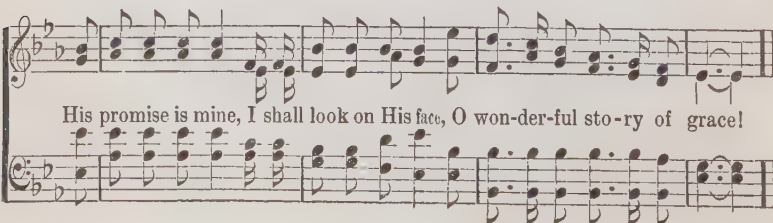


sin - wear - y race The won - der - ful sto - ry of Christ and His grace.
 mains not a trace, For I am made pure by His won - der - ful grace.
 one, ev - 'ry place, The won - der - ful stor - y of won - der - ful grace.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful grace! won - der - ful grace! My soul Jesus saves by His wonderful grace;
 O such



His promise is mine, I shall look on His face, O won - der - ful sto - ry of grace!

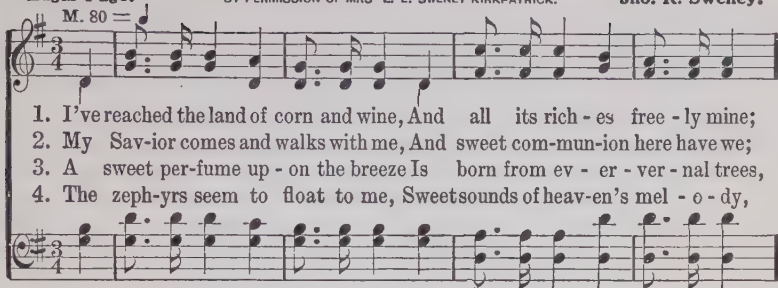
Beulah Land.

Edgar Page.

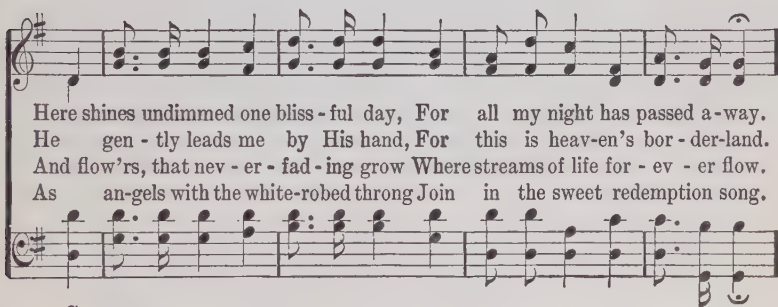
BY PERMISSION OF MRS L. E. SWENEY KIRKPATRICK.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 80 =

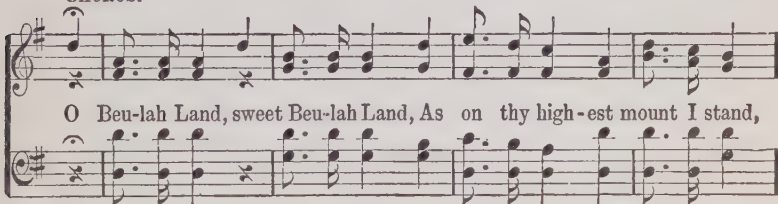


1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph-yrs seem to float to me, Sweetsounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy,

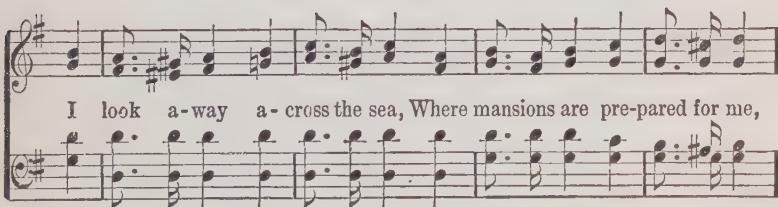


Here shines undimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

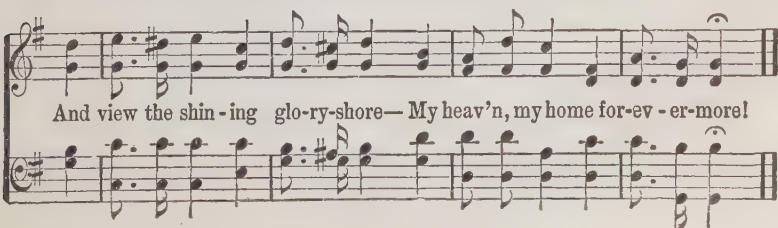
CHORUS.



O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,



I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,



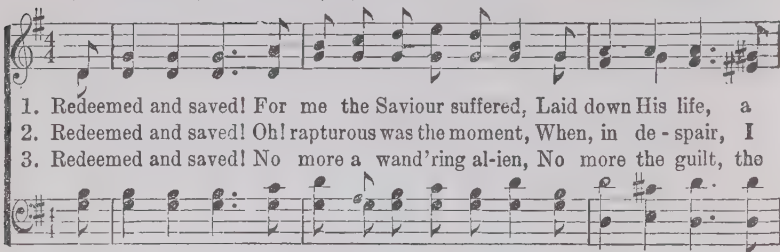
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore— My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more!

Redeemed and Saved.

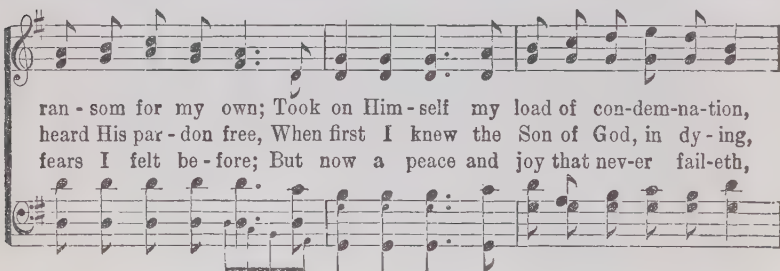
T. O. Chisholm.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

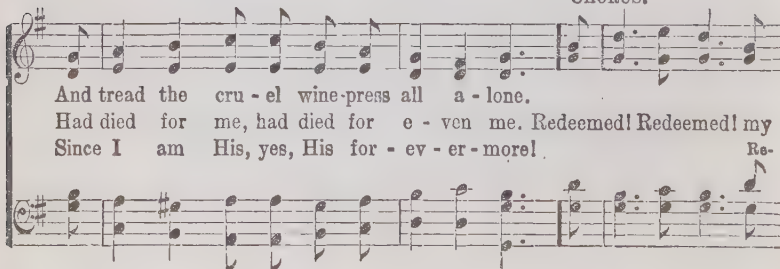


1. Redeemed and saved! For me the Saviour suffered, Laid down His life, a
 2. Redeemed and saved! Oh! rapturous was the moment, When, in de-spair, I
 3. Redeemed and saved! No more a wand'ring al-lien, No more the guilt, the

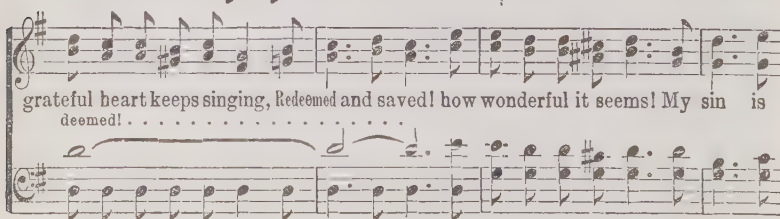


ran-som for my own; Took on Him-self my load of con-dem-na-tion,
 heard His par-don free, When first I knew the Son of God, in dy-ing,
 fears I felt be-fore; But now a peace and joy that nev-er fail-eth,

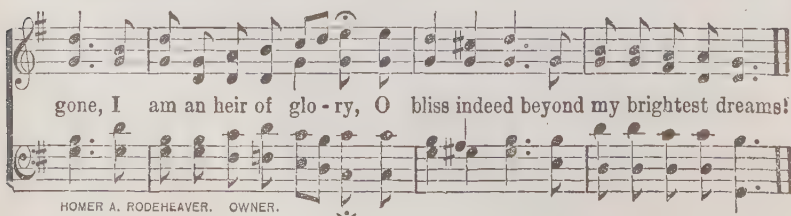
CHORUS.



And tread the cru-el wine-press all a-lone.
 Had died for me, had died for e-ven me. Redeemed! Redeemed! my
 Since I am His, yes, His for-ev-er-more! Re-



grateful heart keeps singing, Redeemed and saved! how wonderful it seems! My sin is
 deemed!



gone, I am an heir of glo-ry, O bliss indeed beyond my brightest dreams!

I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can-not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les, He is a kind, com-
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone, In my dis-tress He kind - ly will help me,
 pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Makes of my troub-les quick-ly an end. I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sor-rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic-t'ry to win.

Je - sus! I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell

Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone.

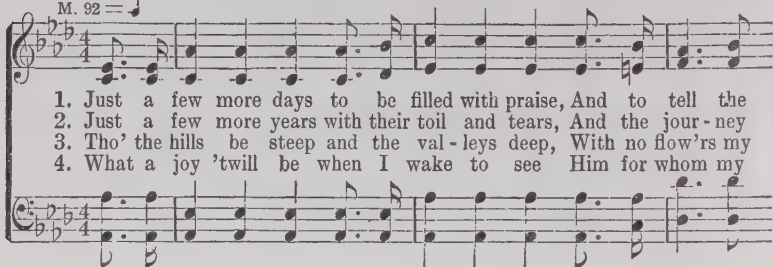
18 Where the Gates Swing Outward Never.

C. H. G.

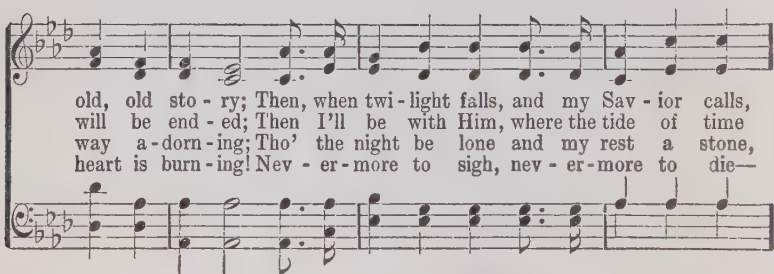
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 = ♩

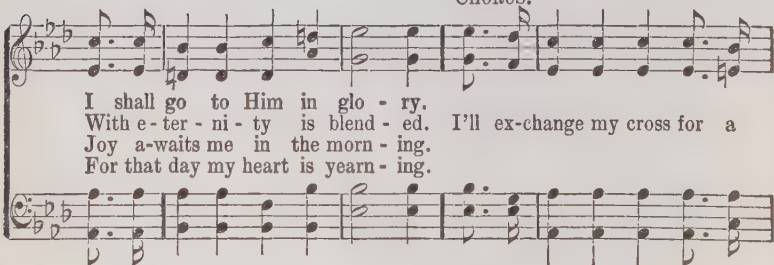


1. Just a few more days to be filled with praise, And to tell the
2. Just a few more years with their toil and tears, And the jour-ney
3. Tho' the hills be steep and the val-leys deep, With no flow'rs my
4. What a joy 'twill be when I wake to see Him for whom my

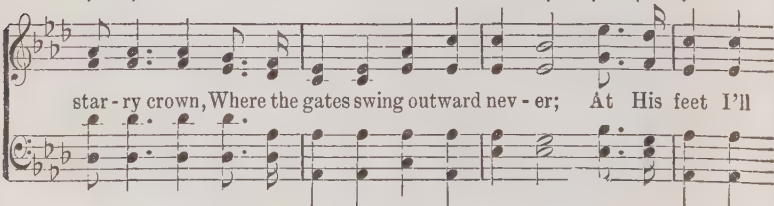


old, old sto-ry; Then, when twi-light falls, and my Sav-ior calls,
will be end-ed; Then I'll be with Him, where the tide of time
way a-dorn-ing; Tho' the night be lone and my rest a stone,
heart is burn-ing! Nev-er-more to sigh, nev-er-more to die—

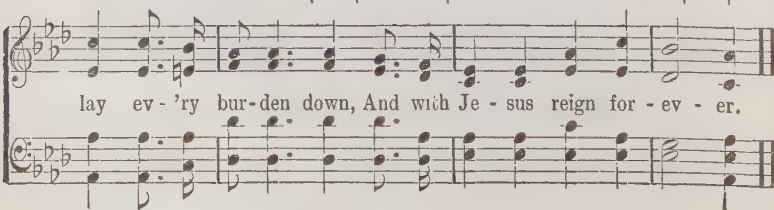
CHORUS.



I shall go to Him in glo-ry.
With e-ter-ni-ty is blend-ed. I'll ex-change my cross for a
Joy a-waits me in the morn-ing.
For that day my heart is yearn-ing.



star-ry crown, Where the gates swing outward nev-er; At His feet I'll



lay ev-'ry bur-den down, And with Je-sus reign for-ev-er.

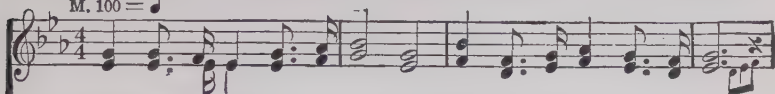
Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

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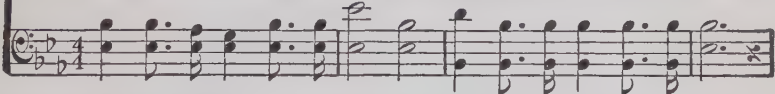
Fanny J. Crosby.

Jno. R. Sweney.

M. 100 =

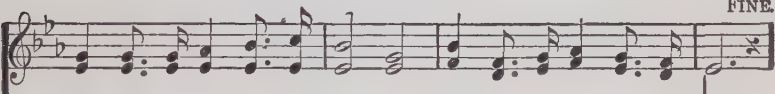


1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;
2. Fast-ing a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that are passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed Him, Writh-ing in an - guish and pain;

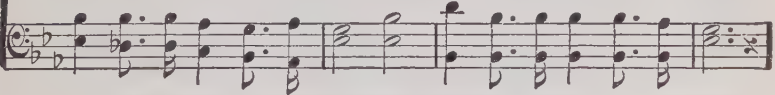


CHO.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev - 'ry word;

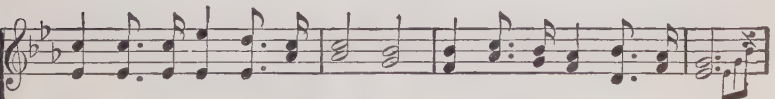
FINE.



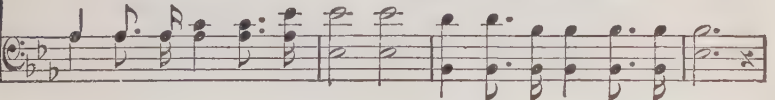
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.
How for our sins He was tempt - ed, Yet was tri - um - phant at last.
Tell of the grave where they laid Him, Tell how He liv - eth a - gain.



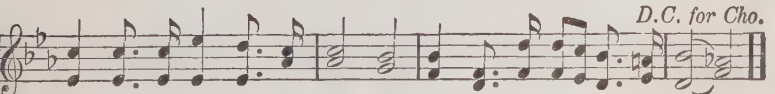
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweet - est that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they wel - comed His birth,
Tell of the years of His la - bor, Tell of the sor - row He bore,
Love in that sto - ry so ten - der, Clear - er than ev - er I see;



D.C. for Cho.



"Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good ti - dings to earth."
He was de - spised and af - flict - ed, Home - less, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whis - per, Love paid the ran - som for me.



Only One Way.

E. E. Rexford.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion—The glo - ri - ous way of the cross!
 2. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion! At Cal - va - ry's cross it be - gins,
 3. There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion, Tho' oft - en it seems to be vain—

It leads thro' Gethsemane's gar - den, Thro' pain, self - de - ni - al and loss.
 And winds thro' the vale of re - pent - ance, And out of the val - ley of sins.
 It's mountains of tri - al and sor - row, It's des - erts of pas - sion and pain—

'Tis nar - row, but ev - er a - bound - ing With glimpses of heav - en a - bove;
 'Tis marked by the blood of the martyrs, And hallowed by sor - rows un - told,
 But Je - sus, the Sav - ior of sin - ners, Will walk by your side all the way;

It is rug - ged, but ra - diant with glo - ry, And blazoned with mer - cy and love.
 But it still is the way, and the on - ly Way un - to the Cit - y of Gold.
 He will guide you, and cheer you, and love you—O make Him your Savior to - day.

D.S.—There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion, The glo - ri - ous way of the cross.

Chorus.

D. S.

There is on - ly one way of sal - va - tion—The way. of the cross;
 One way, one way—The glo - ri - ous way of the cross;

H. E. B.

Rev. H. E. Bright.



1. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to save me When I was wan - d'ring
2. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to cleanse me, Car - nal in heart and
3. Je - sus my Sav - ior came to guide me, O - ver the mount - ains,
4. Je - sus my Sav - ior soon will call me Home to my man - sion



out in the night; Rich - es of glo - ry free - ly gave me,
 fight - ings with - in; Now I en - joy His pre - cious ful - ness
 down thro' the vale; Still He is with me, faithful to keep me;
 shin - ing a - bove; There shall I see Him in His glo - ry,



CHORUS.

Flood - ed my soul with His won - drous light.
 Pow - er and vic - t'ry o'er in - bred sin. I'm saved! saved!
 Fol - low - ing Him I shall nev - er fail.
 Praise and a - dore Him in songs of love.



this is my sto - ry:—Je - sus my Sav - ior cleans - es and keeps me! I'm




saved! saved! filled with His glo - ry! Glo - ry to Je - sus, His grace is free.




I am Coming Home.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

B. D. Ackley.

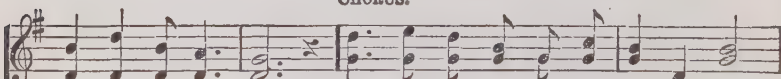


1. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day, For I have found there's
 2. Ma - ny years my heart has strayed from Thee, and Now re - pent - ant
 3. Oh, the mis - er - y my sin has caused me, Naught but pain and
 4. Ful - ly trust - ing in Thy pre - cious prom - ise, With no right - eous -
 5. Now I seek the cross where Je - sus died! For all my sin His




joy in Thee a - lone; From the path of sin I turn a - way, now
 to Thy throne I come; Je - sus o - pened up the way for me, now
 sor - row I have known, Now I seek Thy sav - ing grace and mer - cy,
 ness to call my own, Plead - ing noth - ing but the blood of Je - sus,
 blood will still a - tone, Flow - ing o'er till ev - 'ry stain is cov - ered,


CHORUS.



I am com - ing home. Je - sus, I am com - ing home to - day,



Nev - er, nev - er more from Thee to stray, Lord, I



now ac - cept Thy pre - cious prom - ise, I am com - ing home.

Calling For Thee.

E. A. Woods.

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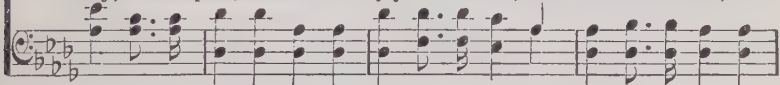
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 104 = 

1. The Mas-ter is come, and call-eth for thee; From the bond-age of
2. His word nev-er fails; His prom-ise is true; And He sends ev-'ry
3. Come, then, while He waits His bless-ing to give; He has shown you the



sin He would set you free; Be-lieve now His word, and trust in His love, Ac-
 one a com-mand to you; Be-lieve in His word, and seek Him to-day, Ac-
 way; 'Tis "Repent, believe!" Your joy will be full, and life ev-er-more, Ac-



CHORUS.



cept His in-vi-ta-tion and be saved. Call-ing for thee, yes,



call-ing for thee, Wait-ing just now your Sav-ior to be; Give Him a



place in your heart to-day, Ac-cept His in-vi-ta-tion and be saved.

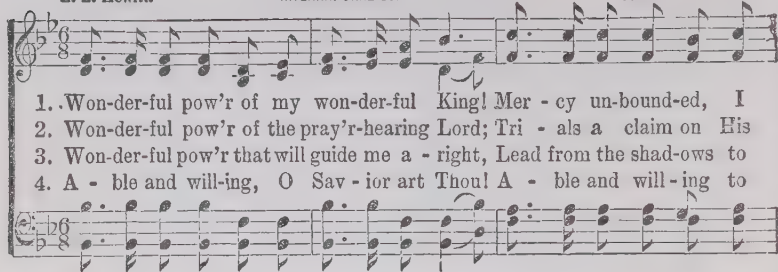


Wonderful Power.

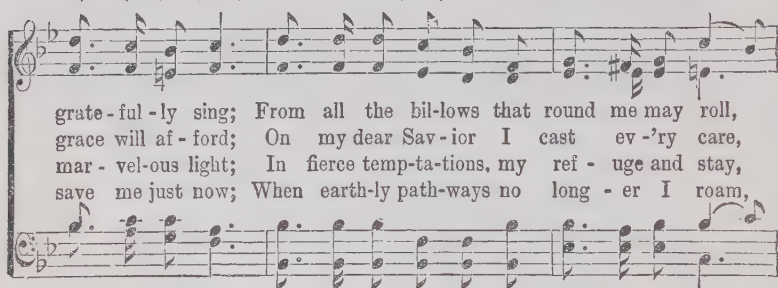
E. E. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

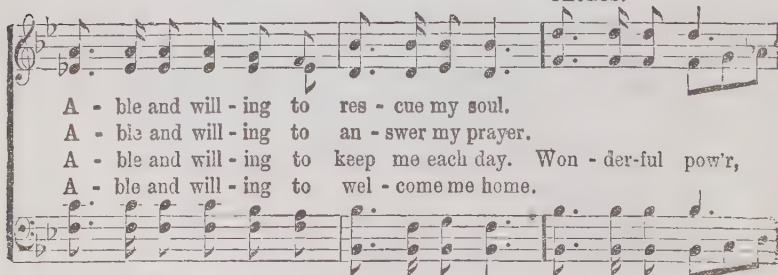


1. Won-der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King! Mer - cy un-bound-ed, I
2. Won-der-ful pow'r of the pray'r-hearing Lord; Tri - als a claim on His
3. Won-der-ful pow'r that will guide me a - right, Lead from the shad-ows to
4. A - ble and will-ing, O Sav - ior art Thou! A - ble and will-ing to

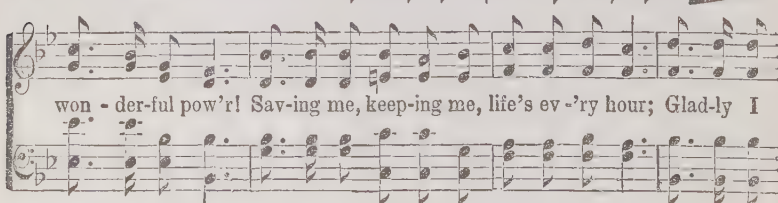


grate-ful-ly sing; From all the bil-lows that round me may roll,
 grace will af-ford; On my dear Sav - ior I cast ev - 'ry care,
 mar - vel-ous light; In fierce temp-ta-tions, my ref - uge and stay,
 save me just now; When earth-ly path-ways no long - er I roam,

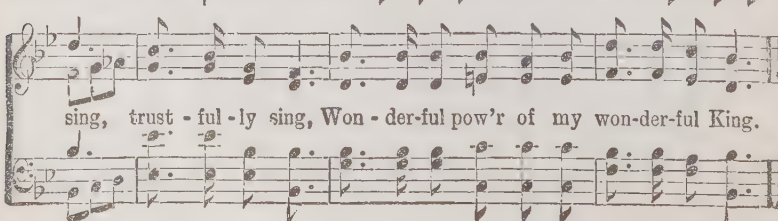
CHORUS.



A - ble and will - ing to res - cue my soul.
 A - ble and will - ing to an - swer my prayer.
 A - ble and will - ing to keep me each day. Won - der-ful pow'r,
 A - ble and will - ing to wel - come me home.



won - der-ful pow'r! Sav-ing me, keep-ing me, life's ev - 'ry hour; Glad-ly I



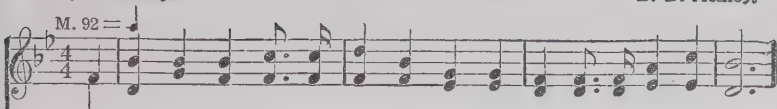
sing, trust - ful-ly sing, Won - der-ful pow'r of my won-der-ful King.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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B. D. Ackley.

M. 92 =



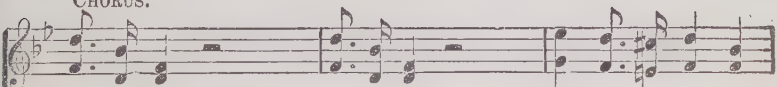
1. Good news, good news from the prom-ised land! Good news from the golden shore,
2. By faith we climb to the mountain's brow, And gaze on the clus-ters rare
3. No sin nor death in the prom-ised land, No toil for the wear-y soul,
4. No night of tears in the prom-ised land, From care we shall all be free;



Where the ransomed hosts with their harps in hand Are shouting ev - er - more!
Of the fruits that grow on the tree of life For those who en - ter there.
But the glad new song of the blood-washed throng In ceaseless joy shall roll.
We shall walk in white by the riv - er clear, The Lamb our light shall be.



CHORUS.



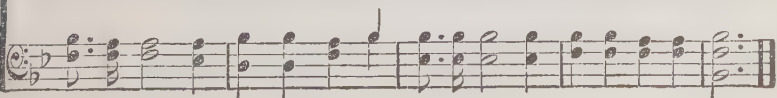
Vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry! Glo - ry to God for

Vic - to - ry!

Vic - to - ry!



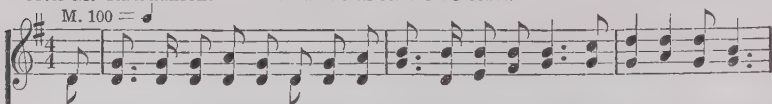
vic - to - ry! We'll praise Him for the vic - to - ry, Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.



Avis M. Christiansen.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 = 

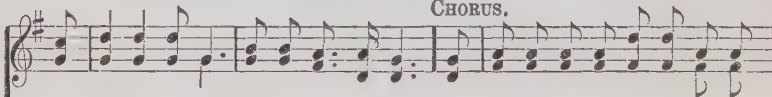
1. What makes me feel like singing when the world is dark without? The love of Je - sus
2. It helps me in temptations that each moment I must meet, The love of Je - sus
3. O sin - ner, so discouraged, don't you want the blessing too—The love of Je - sus



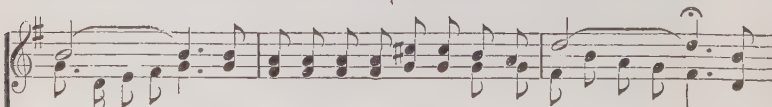
shin-ing in my soul! The bells of joy are ring-ing—in my heart there is a shout,
shin-ing in my soul! In tri - als and in sor-rows, 'tis His love that keeps me sweet,
shin-ing in your soul? If you will but re-ceive Him, Heaven's Light will dwell in you—



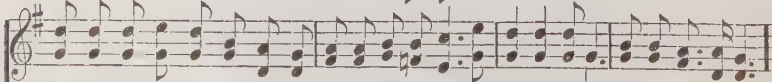
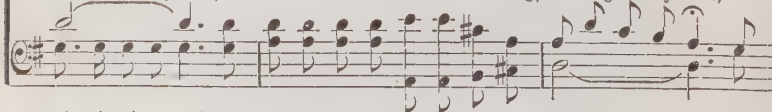
CHORUS.



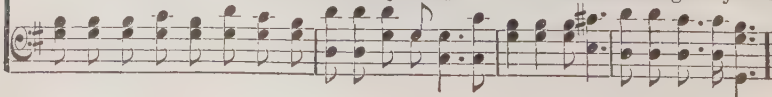
The love of Je - sus shin-ing in my soul!
The love of Je - sus shin-ing in my soul! The love of Je - sus shin-ing in my
The love of Je - sus shin-ing in your soul. shin-ing,



soul, The love of Je - sus shin-ing in my soul; I
shin-ing in my soul, shin-ing, shin-ing in my soul;



can't help shouting glory since I've seen the Light Divine—The love of Jesus shining in my soul!


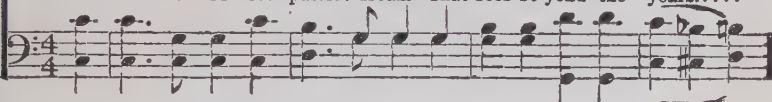



America the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates.

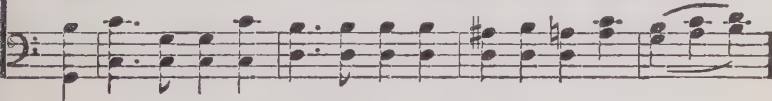

Samuel A. Ward.

M. 100 = 

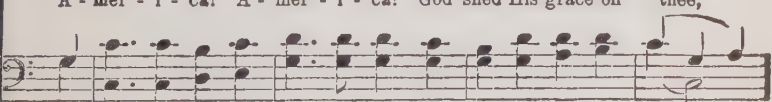

- 
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - ci - ous skies, For am - ber waves of grain;....
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress....
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,....
 4. O beau - ti - ful for patriot dream That sees be - yond the years.....
- 



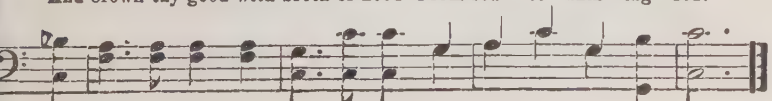
For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their country loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un - dlmmed by hu - man tears!

A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee;

And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - control, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

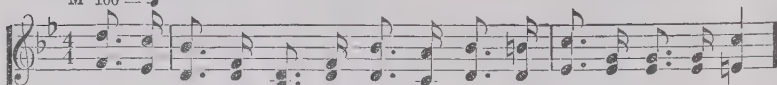


Rev. H. C. Woods.

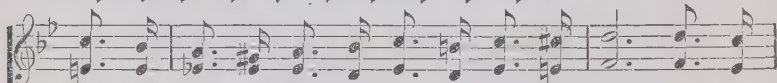
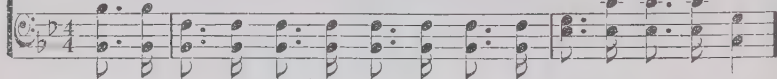
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R. Hayes Willis.

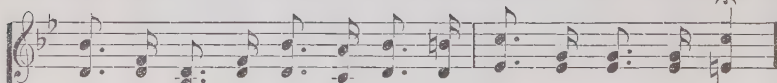
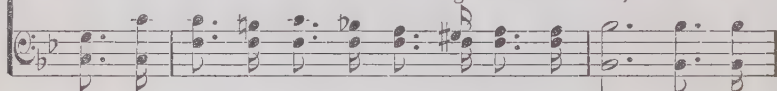
M 100 =



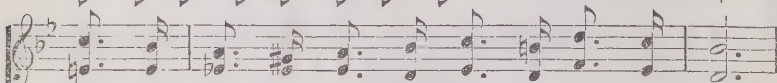
1. Hear the or - der of the Cap - tain call - ing, time will soon be o'er,
2. See the ea - ger hosts of Sa - tan gath - ring round on ev - 'ry hand;
3. When we meet for cor - o - na - tion of the faith - ful o - ver there,
4. Time for shout - ing and re - joic - ing when the vic - to - ry is won,



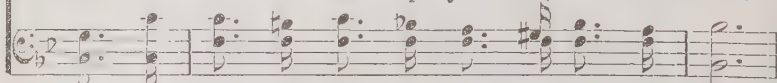
Man - y sol - diers He must have from far and near; There are
 For our sons and daugh - ters they are fierce and strong; "To the
 Shall the Sav - ior, sit - ting on His judg - ment throne, Say, "I
 When God's ris - en saints are wait - ing in the air, But the



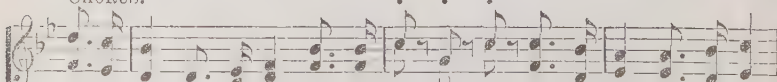
souls in sin and dark - ness, and for them the cross He bore,
 cen - ter ral - ly! ral - ly! hear the voice of Christ's com - mand,
 know you not, de - sert - er, you are not a right - ful heir,
 time is now for ac - tion and hard fight - ing must be done,



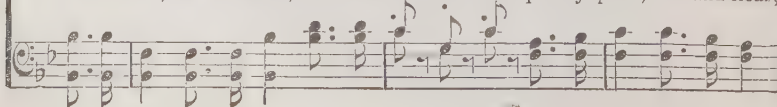
Come, my com - rade, now fall in and an - swer "Here!"
 An - swer "Here!" and vol - un - teen to fight the wrong.
 For My lost and hun - gry ones you left a - lone."
 Ere the roll is called up yon - der, o - ver there.



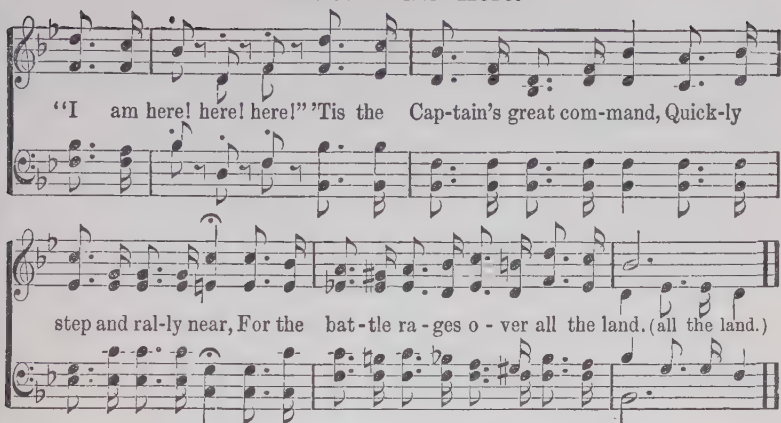
CHORUS.



Vol-un-teer, vol - un-teer, an-swer here! here! here! quickly speak, loud and clear,



The Roll Call Here.



"I am here! here! here!" 'Tis the Cap-tain's great com-mand, Quick-ly
step and ral-ly near, For the bat-tle ra-ges o-ver all the land. (all the land.)

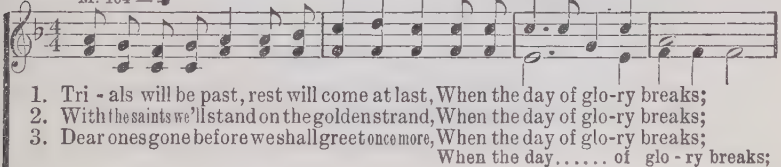
29 When the Day Breaks.

James Rowe.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.


M. 104 =



1. Tri-als will be past, rest will come at last, When the day of glo-ry breaks;
2. With the saints we'll stand on the golden strand, When the day of glo-ry breaks;
3. Dear ones gone before we shall greet once more, When the day of glo-ry breaks;
When the day..... of glo-ry breaks;




Storms will cease to beat, life be ev-er sweet, When the day of glo-ry breaks.
We shall wor-ship there with the an-gels fair, When the day of glo-ry breaks.
Hap-py we shall be for e-ter-ni-ty, When the day of glo-ry breaks.



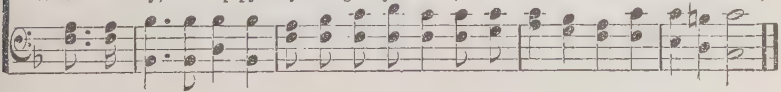
D.S.-Trials will be past, we'll reach home at last, When the day of glo-ry breaks.

CHORUS.

D. S.



When the day of glo-ry breaks, And the soul in Christ a-wakes,
When the day, the hap-py day of glo-ry breaks, a-wakes,



Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris.

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Robert Harkness.

DUET. M. 80 = ♩ .

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-
 2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-
 3. Some-bod-y whis-pered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to
 4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guid-ing my feet lest I should

y, Some-bod-y came, oh, who could it be, Who could it
 ly, Some-bod-y came, oh, who could it be, Who could it
 go, Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it
 stray, Walk-ing with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it

CHORUS.
 be but Je - sus? Who could it be, O who could it
 Je - sus, Je -

be? Who could it be but Je - sus? Who could it
 sus, Je -

be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je - sus?
 sus, yes, Je - sus,

pp
rall.

31 Carry Your Cross With a Smile.

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 54 = ♩.

1. Tho' your heart may be heav - y with sor - row and care, You may
2. Let the well by the way - side that flows un - to all Strength im -
3. For the work that you faith - ful - ly, will - ing - ly do, You shall

oth - ers to glad - ness be - guile, If a face like the light of the
part for each step of the mile; Let your faith the great prom - is - es
reap a re - ward af - ter - while; On - ly grace in your serv - ice can

CHORUS.

morn - ing you wear, And car - ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross with a
oft - en re - call, And car - ry your cross with a smile!
glo - ri - fy you, So car - ry your cross with a smile! Car - ry your cross

smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile; You may oth - ers from
with a smile, Car - ry your cross with a smile;

sad - ness to glad - ness be - guile, If you car - ry your cross with a smile!

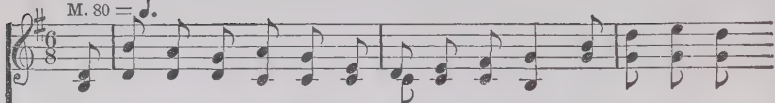
I Walk With the King.

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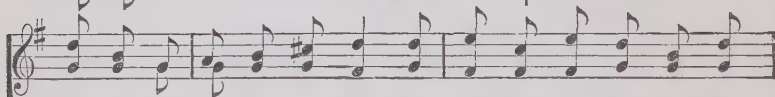
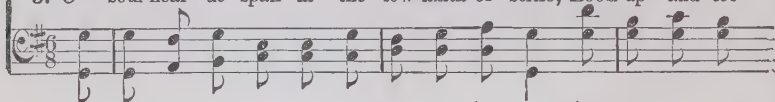
James Rowe.

B. D. Ackley.

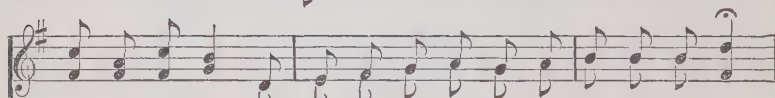
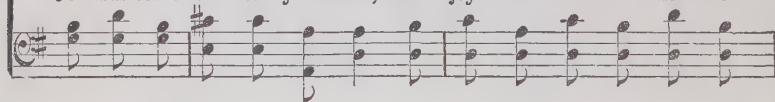
M. 80 = ♩.



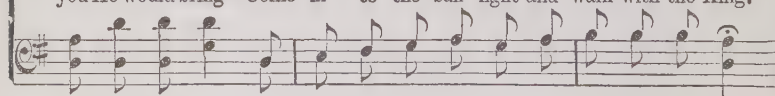
1. In sor-row I wan-dered, my spir-it op-prest, But now I am
2. For years in the fet-ters of sin I was bound, The world could not
3. O soul near de-spair in the low-lands of strife, Look up and let



hap-py-se-cure-ly I rest; From morn-ing till eve-ning glad
help me—no com-fort I found; But now like the birds and the
Je-sus come in-to your life; The joy of sal-va-tion to



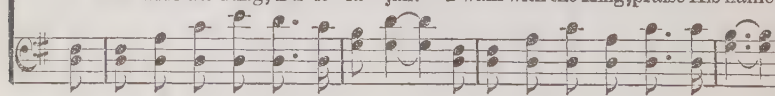
car-ols I sing, And this is the rea-son—I walk with the King.
sunbeams of Spring, I'm free and re-joic-ing—I walk with the King.
you He would bring—Come in-to the sun-light and walk with the King.



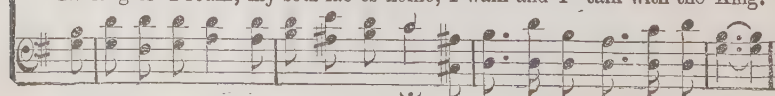
CHORUS.



I walk with the King, hal-le-lu-jah! I walk with the King, praise His name!



No long-er I roam, my soul fac-es home, I walk and I talk with the King.



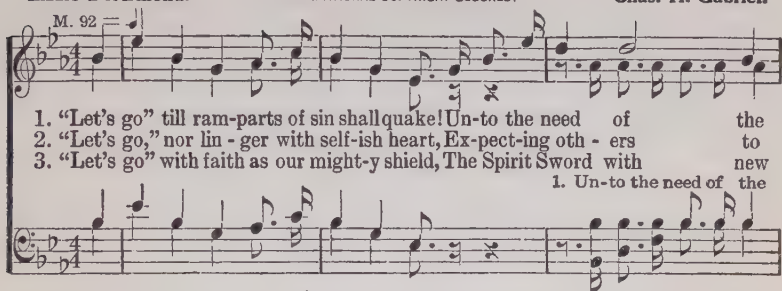
In the Name of Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond.

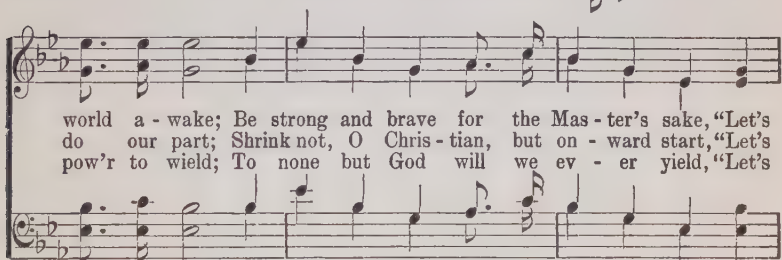
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 92 =

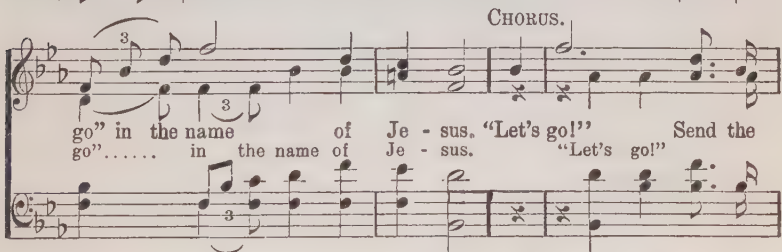


1. "Let's go" till ram-parts of sin shall quake! Un-to the need of the
 2. "Let's go," nor lin - ger with self-ish heart, Ex-pect-ing oth - ers to
 3. "Let's go" with faith as our might-y shield, The Spirit Sword with new
 1. Un-to the need of the

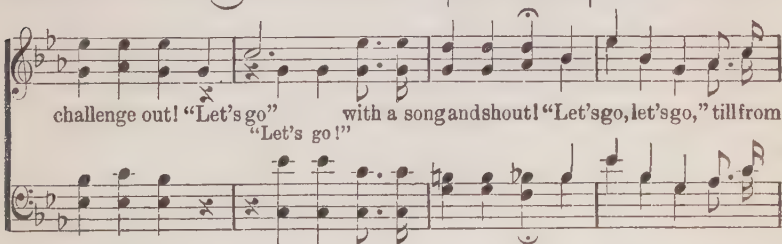


world a - wake; Be strong and brave for the Mas - ter's sake, "Let's
 do our part; Shrink not, O Chris - tian, but on - ward start, "Let's
 pow'r to wield; To none but God will we ev - er yield, "Let's

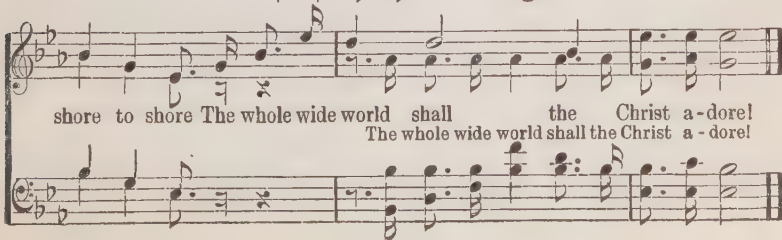
CHORUS.



go" in the name of Je - sus. "Let's go!" Send the
 go"..... in the name of Je - sus. "Let's go!"



challenge out! "Let's go" with a song and shout! "Let's go, let's go," till from
 "Let's go!"



shore to shore The whole wide world shall the Christ a - dore!
 The whole wide world shall the Christ a - dore!

Catherine A. Grimes.

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Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

1. Stead-y and true, in the up-ward way, Nev-er to fal-ter, or
 2. Stead-y and true thro' the sun - ny days, Help-ing my broth-er to
 3. Stead-y and true when the dark-ness falls, Fol-low - ing Christ as my

faint or fear; So would I trav-el from day to day, Know-ing my
 rise and smile; Scat-ter-ing joy in some lone-ly way, Cheer-ing some
 bea - con light, Keep-ing the path where His dear voice calls, Wheth-er 'tis

rit. CHORUS.
 Lord is near. (my Lord is near.)
 heart the while. (some heart the while.) Stead-y and true as the
 noon or night. ('tis noon or night.)

stars that shine, So would I keep this heart of mine, Fit for a

gift to my Lord di-vine; Stead-y, stead - y and true.....
 Stead - y, stead - y, stead - y and true.

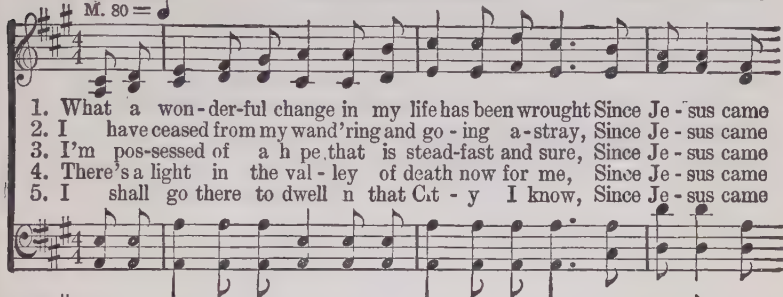
Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

R. H. McDaniel.

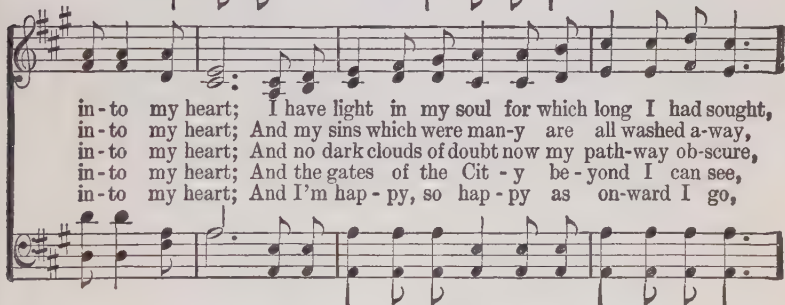
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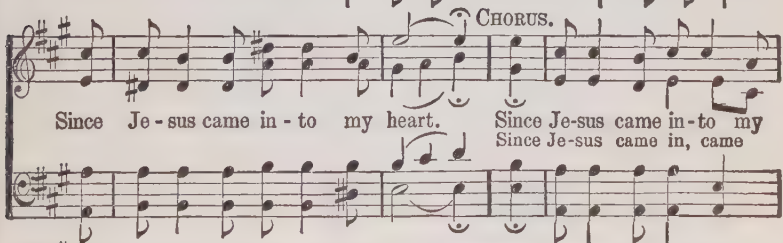
M. 80 =



1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a h-pe, that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell n that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came

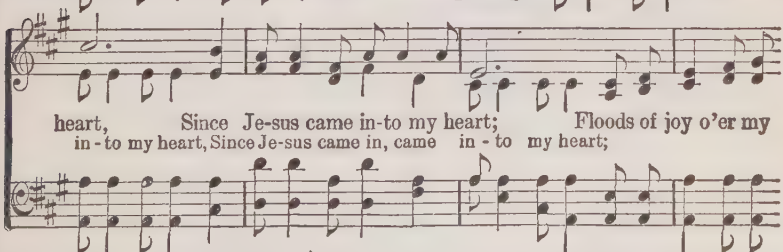


in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
 in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
 in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
 in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
 in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,

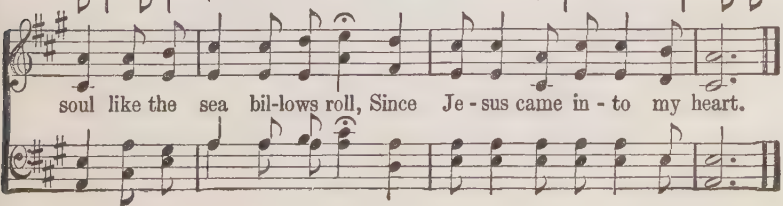


CHORUS.

Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came

heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
 in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;



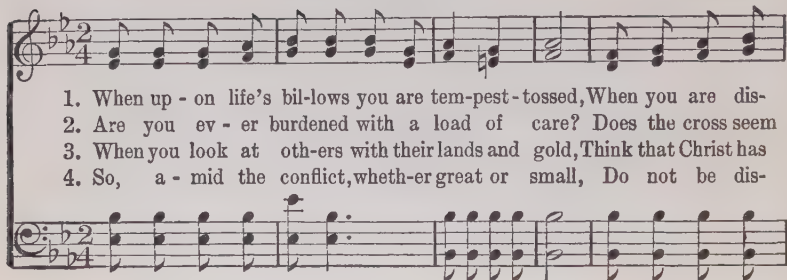
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

Count Your Blessings.

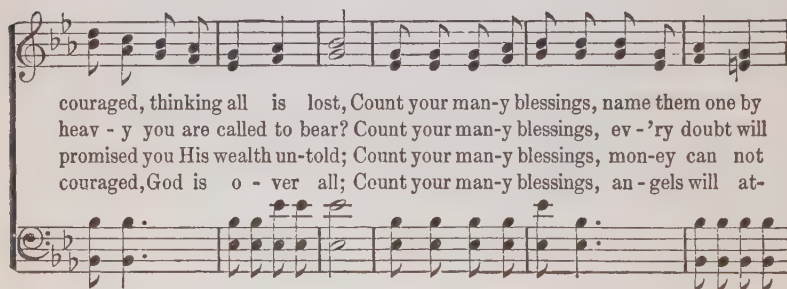
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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WORDS AND MUSIC

E. O. Excell.

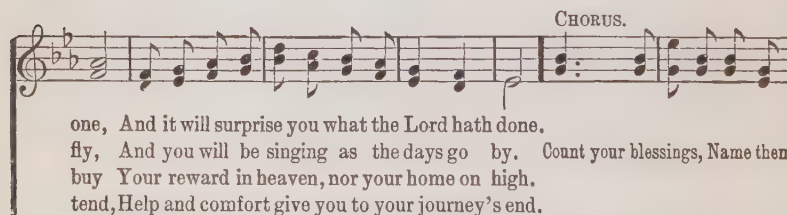


1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem-pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth-ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the conflict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-



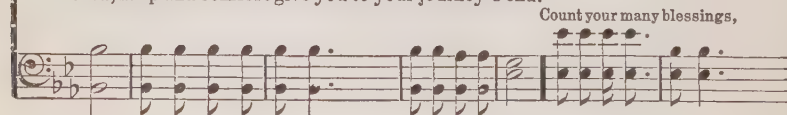
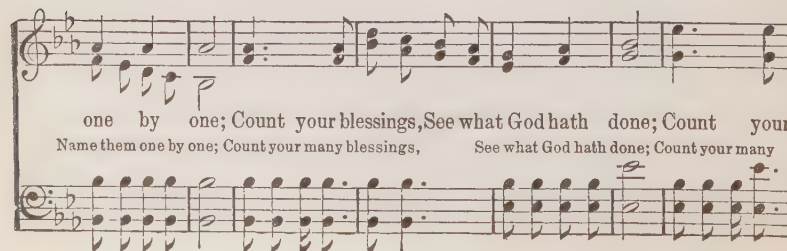
couraged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them one by
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry doubt will
promised you His wealth un-told; Count your man-y blessings, mon-ey can not
courage, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels will at-

CHORUS.



one, And it will surprise you what the Lord hath done.
fly, And you will be singing as the days go by. Count your blessings, Name them
buy Your reward in heaven, nor your home on high.
tend, Help and comfort give you to your journey's end.

Count your many blessings,

one by one; Count your blessings, See what God hath done; Count your
Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done; Count your many

Count Your Blessings.

rit.

Two staves of music in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The music is marked *rit.* (ritardando). The lyrics are written below the first staff.

blessings, Name them one by one; Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

37

Say, are You Ready?

A. S. Kiefer.

USED BY PER.

T. C. O'Kane.

Two staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

1. Should the Death-angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to - night,
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the world of de - spair;
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the man - sions of light;

Two staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Say, will your spir - it pass in - to judg - ment, Or to the land of de - light?
Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer; Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
Je - sus is plead - ing, pa - tient - ly plead - ing, O let Him save you to - night.

CHORUS.

Two staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff. The word 'should call;' is written above the final note of the melody.

Say, are you read - y, O are you read - y? If the Death - angel should call;
should call;

Two staves of music in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

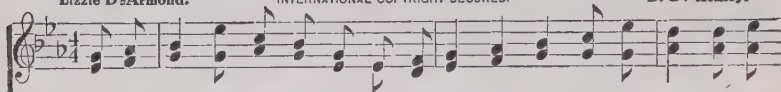
Say, are you read - y? O are you read - y? Mer - cy stands wait - ing for all.

If Your Heart Keeps Right.

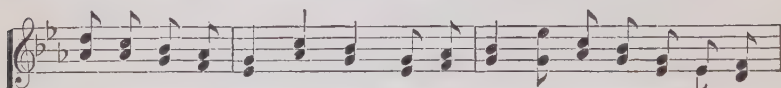
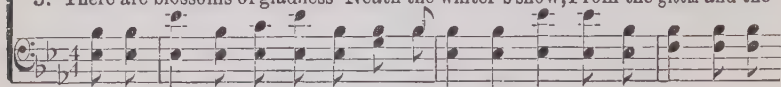
Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.



1. If the dark shad-ows gath-er As you go a - long, Do not grieve for their
2. Is your life just a tan-gle Full of toil and care? Smile a bit as you
3. There are blossoms of gladness 'Neath the winter's snow, From the gloom and the



com-ing, Sing a cheer - y song, There is joy for the tak-ing, It will
jour-ney, Oth-ers' bur - dens share; You'll for-get all your troubles, Making
darkness Comes the morning's glow; Nev-er give up the bat-tle, You will



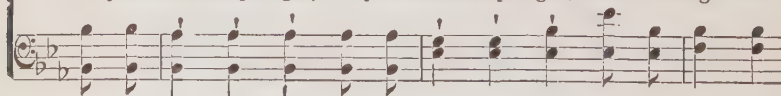
soon be light, —Ev'-ry cloud wears a rain-bow If your heart keeps right.
their lives bright, Skies will grow blue and sun - ny If your heart keeps right.
win the fight, Gain the rest of the Vic-tor, If your heart keeps right.



CHORUS.



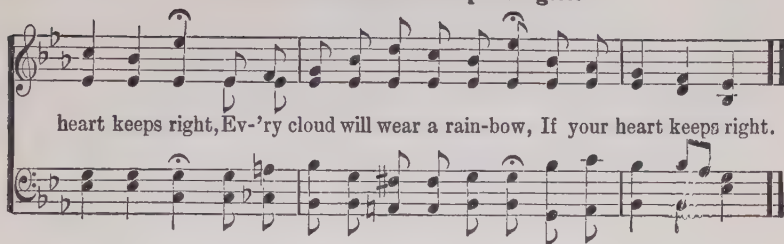
If your heart keeps right, If your heart keeps right, There's a song of



glad-ness in the dark - est night; If your heart keeps right, If your



If Your Heart Keeps Right.



39

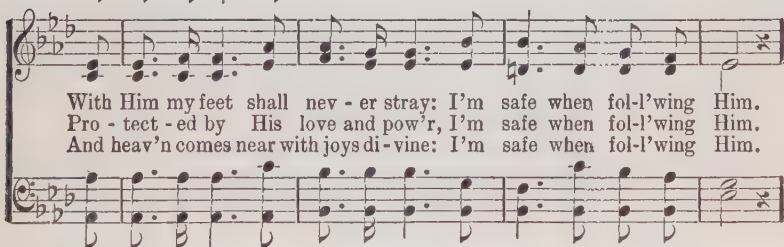
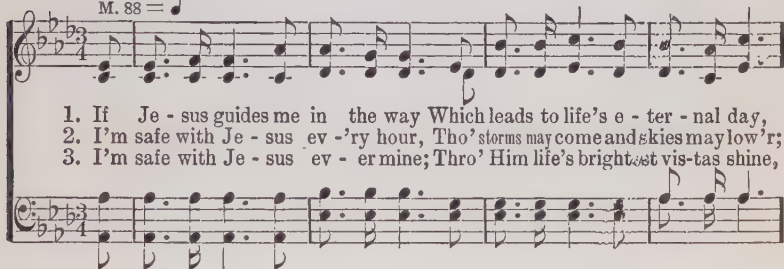
I'm Safe When Following Him.

W. H. Davenport.

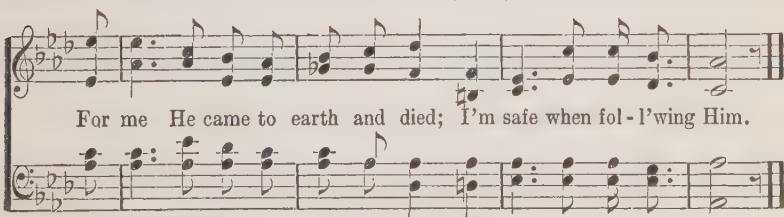
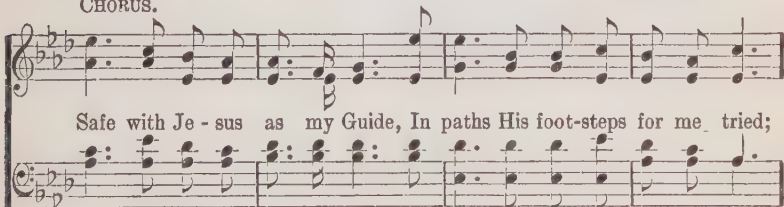
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H. A. Henry.

M. 88 =



CHORUS.



E. E. Hewitt.

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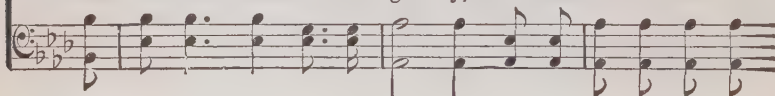
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 88 = 

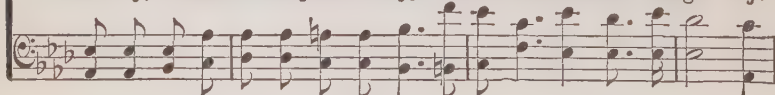
1. All who wait for His ap-pear-ing shall be joy-ful by and by,
2. In the house of man-y man-sions we shall meet in that blest hour,
3. All the clouds of time shall van-ish, all the shad-ows flee a-way,



When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; Changed in-to His bless-ed
 When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; His shall be the crown and
 When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry; We shall see Him in His



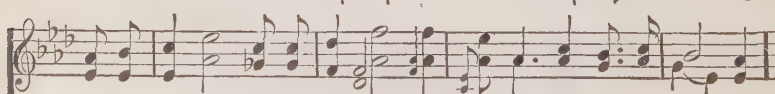
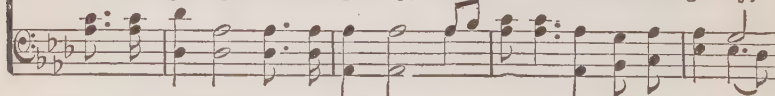
like-ness in the twin-king of an eye, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.
 king-dom and the ev-er-last-ing pow'r, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.
 beau-ty, in that full and per-fect day, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.



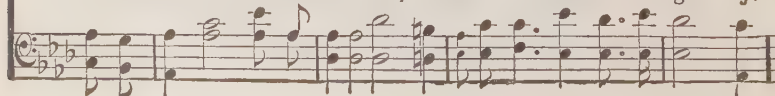
CHORUS.



In His glo-ry, won-drous glo-ry, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry;

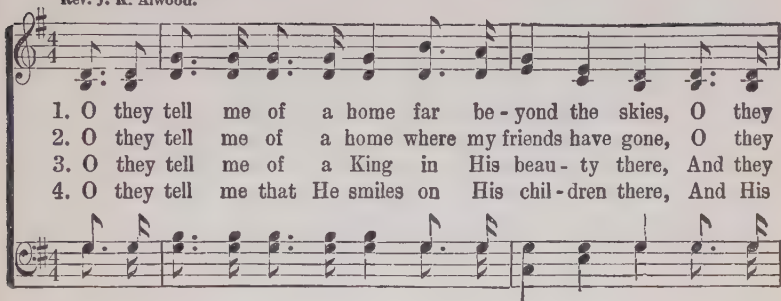


We shall see Him and be like Him, When Je-sus comes in His glo-ry.

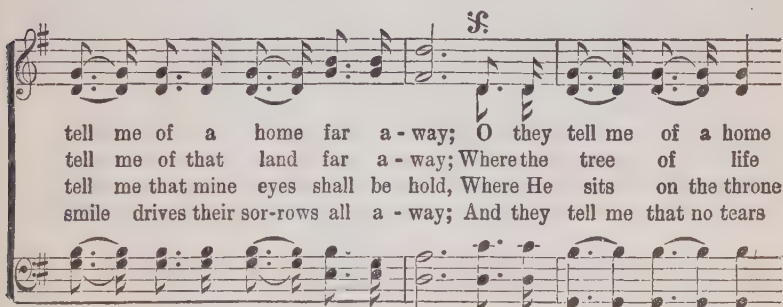


The Unclouded Day.

Words and melody by
Rev. J. K. Alwood.

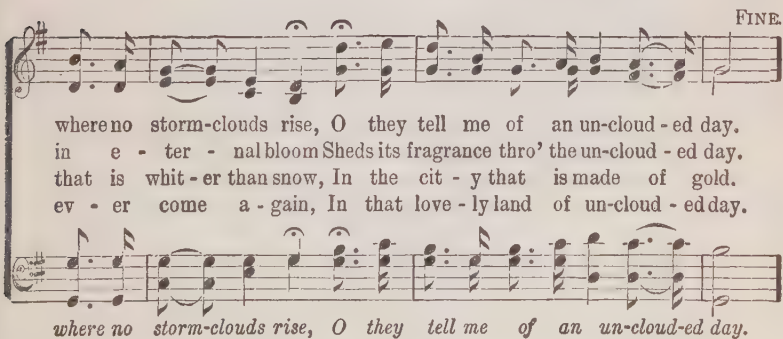


1. O they tell me of a home far be- yond the skies, O they
2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
3. O they tell me of a King in His beau- ty there, And they
4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil- dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a- way; O they tell me of a home
tell me of that land far a- way; Where the tree of life
tell me that mine eyes shall be hold, Where He sits on the throne
smile drives their sor-rows all a- way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

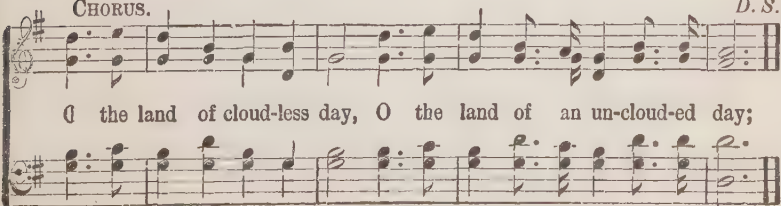


where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud- ed day.
in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un-cloud- ed day.
that is whit- er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un-cloud- ed day.

where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an un-cloud- ed day.

CHORUS.

D. S.



O the land of cloud-less day, O the land of an un-cloud- ed day;

Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walker Whitcomb.

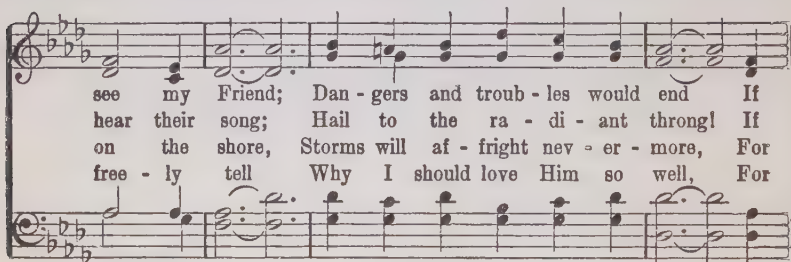
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Charles H. Marsh.

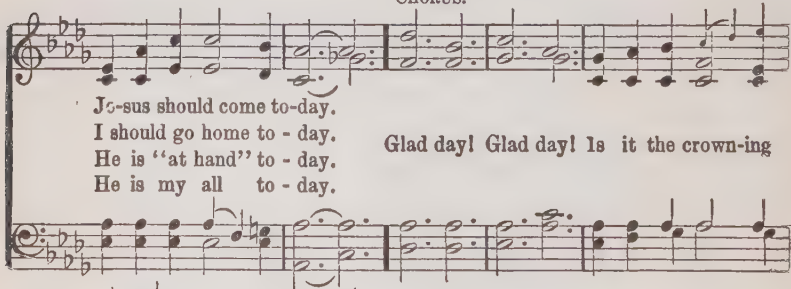


1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seem-eth I
 3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights ap-pear
 4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

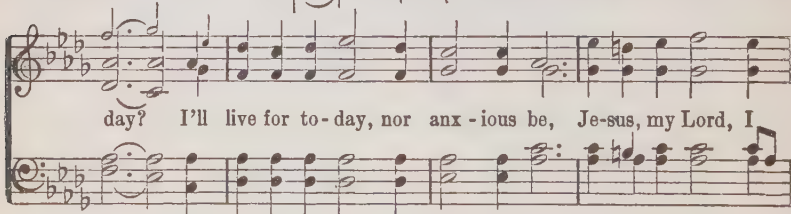


see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
 on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
 free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For

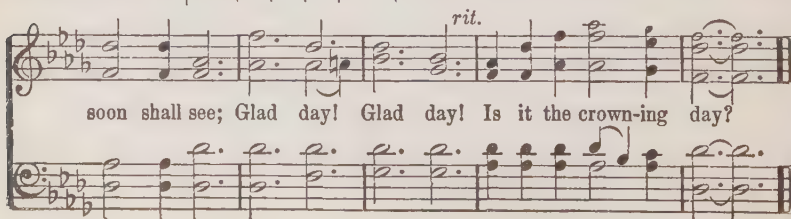
CHORUS.



Je-sus should come to-day.
 I should go home to - day. Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing
 He is "at hand" to - day.
 He is my all to - day.



day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be, Je-sus, my Lord, I



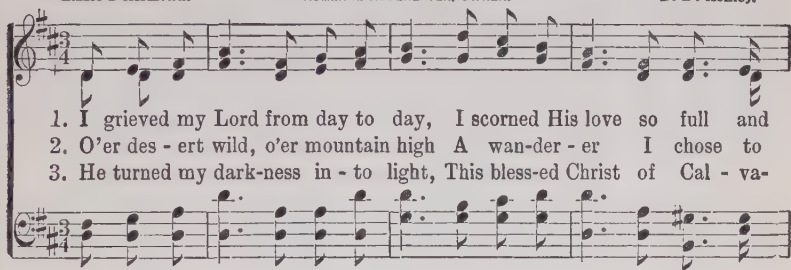
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me.

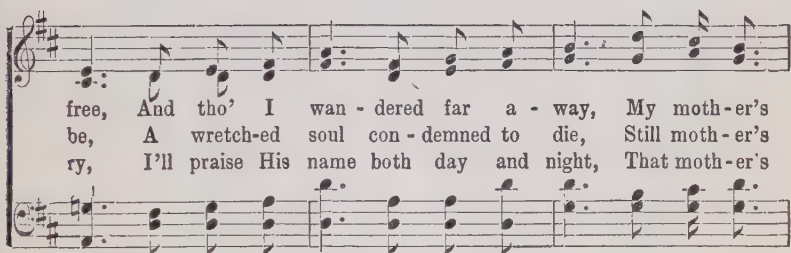
Lizzie DeArmond.

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B. D. Ackley.

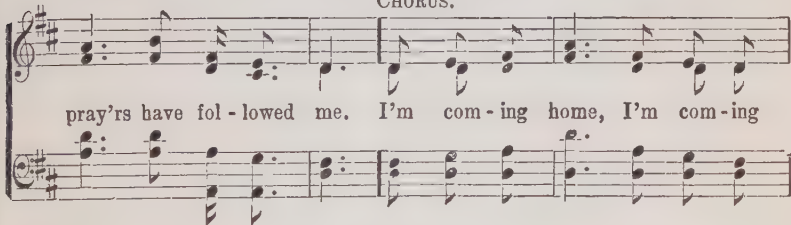


1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and
 2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to
 3. He turned my dark-ness in-to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal-va-

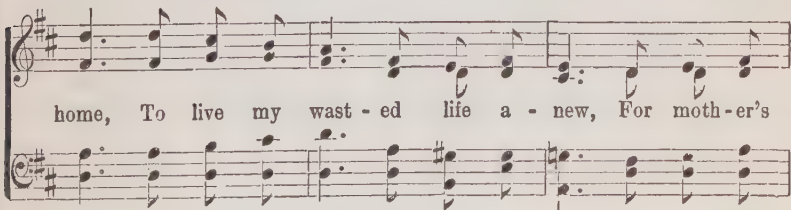


free, And tho' I wan-dered far a-way, My moth-er's
 be, A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's
 ry, I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's

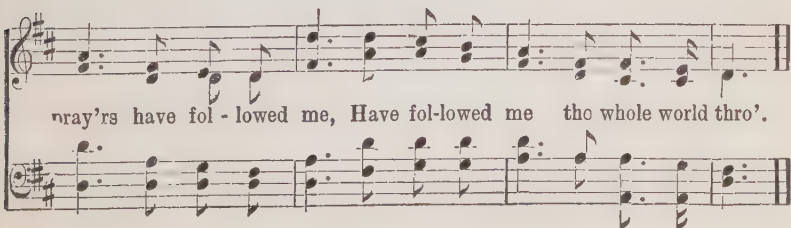
CHORUS.



pray'rs have fol-lowed me. I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing



home, To live my wast-ed life a-new, For moth-er's



pray'rs have fol-lowed me, Have fol-lowed me tho whole world thro'.

V. McC.

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Vivian McCown.

M. 104 = ♩



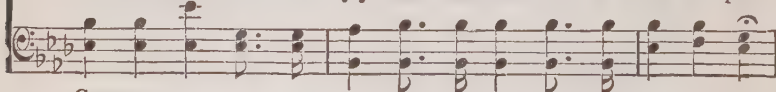
1. 'Tis so sweet just to know that a - long the way Je - sus walks by my
2. When He scat-ters the gifts from His boundless store, And His show-ers of
3. When my heart is so tempt-ed and sore-ly tried, It is then that I
4. Oh, His voice is so won-drous-ly sweet to me! There's no mu-sic on



side all the live - long day, And He knows when the shad - ows be -
 bless - ing a - round me pour, Lest I hum - ble and grate - ful for -
 know He is by my side, And I know He will give me the
 earth has such mel - o - dy; There's no joy that can come to the



gin to low'r, And He whis-pers His love to me o'er and o'er.
 get to be, Je - sus whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 vic - to - ry As He whis-pers His won - der - ful love to me.
 hu - man heart Like the joy that His love ev - er doth im-part.



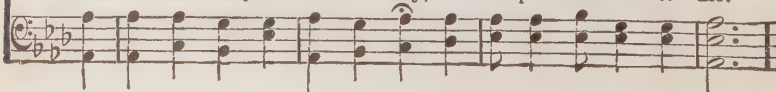
CHORUS.



He whispers His love to me, He whispers His love to me;
 His love to me, His love to me;



Lest I should stray from Him a - way, He whis-pers His love to me.

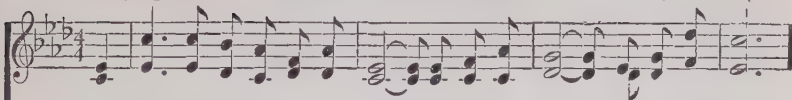


When You Know Jesus, Too.

Ina Daley Ogdon.

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B. D. Ackley



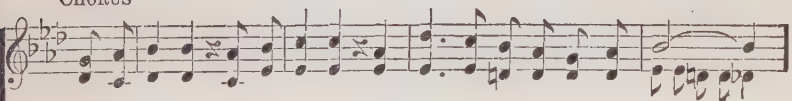
1. When you my Je-sus un-der-stand, When you ac-cept His lov-ing hand,
2. His joy will gladden ev-'ry day, His bless-ing shine a-long the way,
3. You'll see His mercy thro' your tears, His peace will hal-low all the years.
4. You'll know His way is al-ways best, And glad-ly leave to Him the rest,



A hap-py morn will dawn for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
 And you will share His prom-ise true, When you know Je-sus, too.
 The val-ley holds no dread for you, When you know Je-sus, too.
 And tell what He has done for you, When you know Je-sus, too.

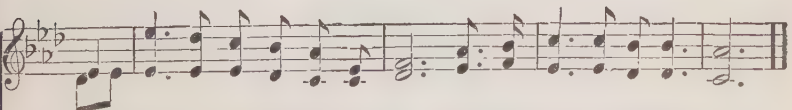


CHORUS

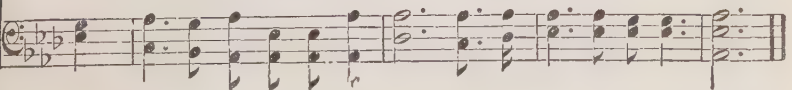


When you know Him, when you know Him You'll love Him just as oth-ers do;

as oth-ers do;



A hap-py morn will dawn for you When you know my Je-sus, too.



Sweeter As the Years Go By.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Of Je - sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drous
2. He trod in old Ju - de - a Life's pathway long a - go; The peo - ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss—To bear with-

grace that brought me Back to His fold a - gain; Of heights and depths of
thronged a-bout Him, His sav - ing grace to know; He healed the bro - ken-
out a mur-mur, The an - guish of the cross; With saints re-deemed in

mer - cy, Far deep - er than the sea, And high - er than the heavens, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo - ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With

CHORUS.

theme shall ev - er be. Sweet-er as the years go by,.....
love for e - ven me.
our Re - deem-er's praise. Sweet - er as the years go by, 'Tis

Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full - er, deep - er,
sweet - er as the years go by;

Sweeter As the Years Go By.



rit.
Je - sus' love is sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years go by.

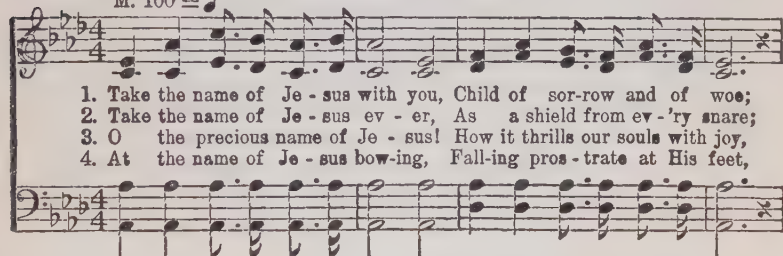
49 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lillian Baxter.

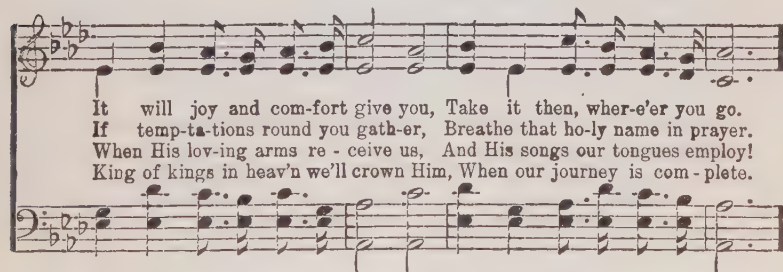
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W. H. Doane.

M. 100 =

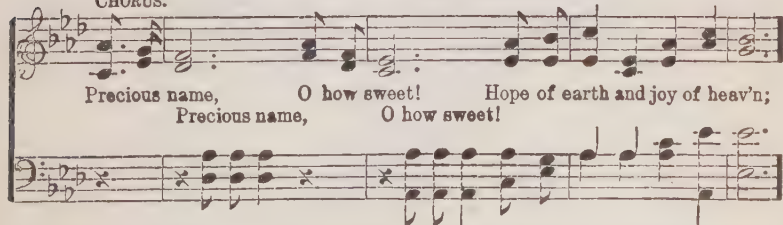


1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow-ing, Fall-ing pros - trate at His feet,

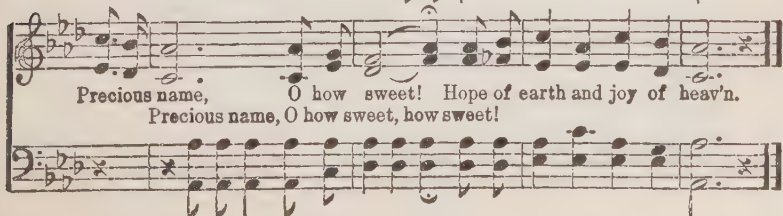


It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-tations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our journey is com-plete.

CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet!

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.
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Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep - ly
 2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev - er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
 3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je - sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you

stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
 pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
 by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,

Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa - ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
 Mer - its my soul's best songs, Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be - longs.
 Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!..... When noth - ing
 e - ven me! e - ven me!

1
 else could help, Love lift - ed me. 2
 Love lift - ed me.

Worship.

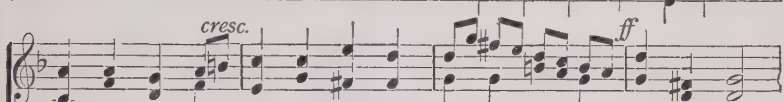
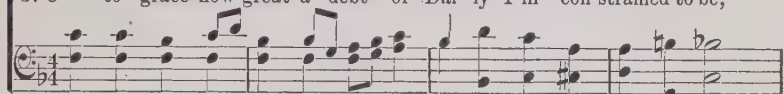
Robert Robinson.

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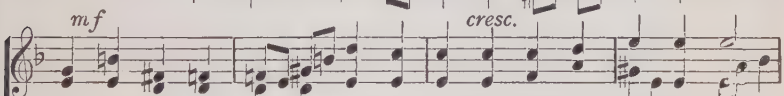
Chas. H. Gabriel, Jr.

M. 60. = *mf*

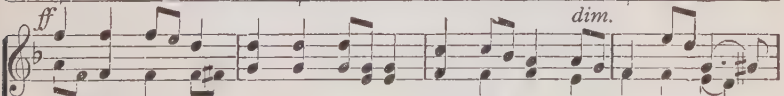
1. Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I raise mine Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. O to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm con - strained to be;



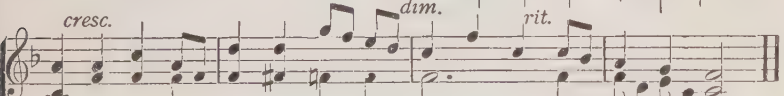
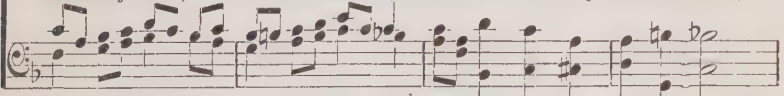
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise.
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wan - d'ring soul to Thee:



Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sus sought me when a stran - ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love,



Praise the mount - I'm fixed up - on it - Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love,
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood,
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove,



Praise the mount - I'm fixed up - on it - Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.



M. E. Abbey.

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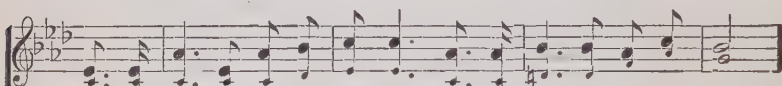
Charlie D. Tillman.

Solo or Duet.

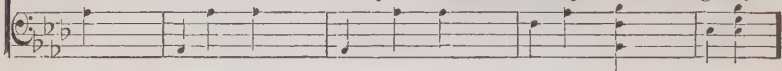
RENEWAL, 1917.



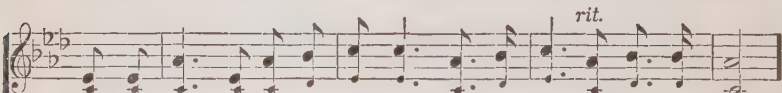
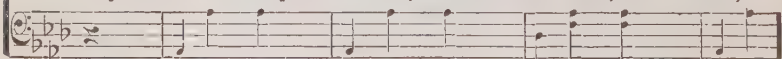
1. Life is like a mount-ain rail-road, with an en - gin - eer that's brave;
2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find ob - struc - tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Span - ning Jor - dan's swell - ing tide;



We must make the run suc - cess - ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con - duc - tor On this light - ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
 You be - hold the Un - ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;



Watch the curves, the fills, the tun - nels; Nev - er falt - er nev - er quail;
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
 There you'll meet the Su - per - intend - ant, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,



Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt - tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 With the heart - y joy - ous plaud - it, "Wea - ry pil - grim, welcome home."



CHORUS.



Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us Till we reach that bliss - ful shore;



Life's Railway to Heaven.

Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for - ev - er - more.

53

His Yoke Is Easy.

R. E. Hudson.

M. 63 = ♩.

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd, I shall not want, He mak - eth me down to
2. My soul cri - eth out: "re - store me a - gain, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val - ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In past - ures green, He lead - eth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 take The nar - row path of right - eous - ness, E'en for His own name's sake."
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me com - fort still.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas - y, His bur - den is light, I've found it so, I've found it so;

He lead - eth me by day and by night, Where liv - ing wa - ters flow.

He Careth for Me.

Virgil P. Brock.

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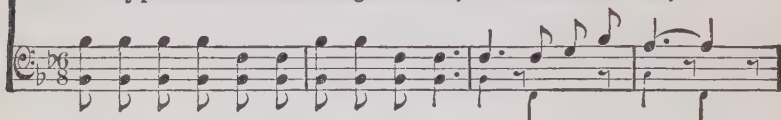
Bianche Kerr Brock.

Parts. M. 63 = J.

Unison.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is pre-cious to me, He car-eth for me;....
2. Tho' storms and tempests may break o'er my soul, He car-eth for me;....
3. When I am tempt-ed and wan-der a-stray, He car-eth for me;....
4. Tho' my path leads me where dangers be-tide, He car-eth for me;....

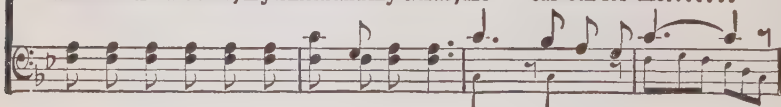


Parts.

Unison.



Lov-ing and keep-ing me hap-py and free, He car-eth for me.....
Safe-ly I'm kept un-der Je-sus' con-trol, He car-eth for me.....
When I grow wear-y and faint by the way, He car-eth for me.....
Still He is with me, my Shield and my Guide, He car-eth for me.....

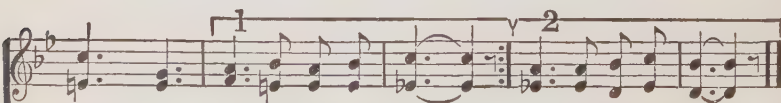


CHORUS. Unison.

Parts.



He car-eth for me,.... He car-eth for me; He loves and He



keeps me, I'm hap-py and free... He car-eth for me.



I Am Praying for You.

S. O'Maley Cluff,

USED BY PERMISSION.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav - ior, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov - ing Sav -
 2. I have a Fa - ther; to me He has giv - en A hope for e - ter -
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re - splend - ent in whiteness, A - wait - ing in glo -
 4. When Jesus has found you, tell oth - ers the sto - ry, That my lov - ing Sav -

ior tho' earth - friends be few; And now He is watch - ing in ten - der - ness
 ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 ry my won - der - ing view; Oh, when I re - ceive it all shin - ing in
 ior is your Sav - ior too; Then pray that your Sav - ior may bring them to

o'er me, And, oh, that my Sav - ior were your Sav - ior too.
 heav - en, But, oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too! For you I am
 brightness, Dear friend could I see you re - ceiv - ing one too!
 glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

He Quiets the Storm.

Jessie P. Tompkins.

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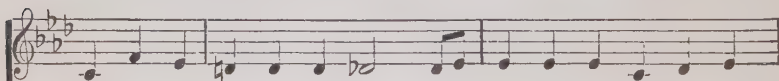
B. D. Ackley.

ALTO. M. 76 = ♩

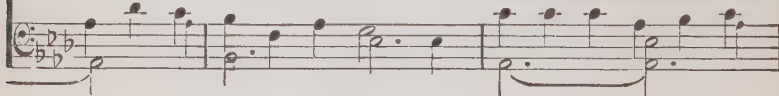


1. The tem-pest was rag-ing on blue Gal-i-lee, And high rose the
2. He woke from His slum-bers and spake to the storm, And, lo! on the
3. O safe is the ves-sel when Je-sus is there, And sure is the

TENOR.



waves of the Pal-es-tine sea, Yet Je-sus was sleep-ing as
wa-ters there fell a great calm; The waves of the deep seemed to
voy-age, if storm-y or fair; There's naught that can harm us when



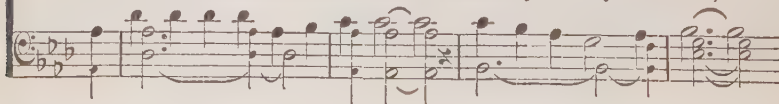
sweet as a child, Not heed-ing the winds or the wa-ters so wild.
whis-per, "'Tis He," As safe-ly the ves-sel passed o-ver the sea.
He whis-pers "Peace;" He speaks to the winds and the wild tem-pests cease.



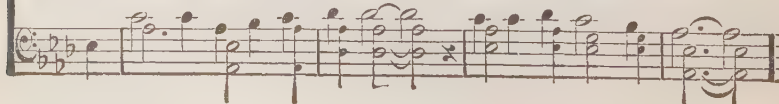
CHORUS.



The bil-lows of sea or of sor-row, Sweet-ly o-bey His will,



And storm-y seas of tri-al, . . . List to His "Peace, be still!"

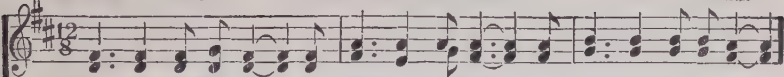


Still Undecided.

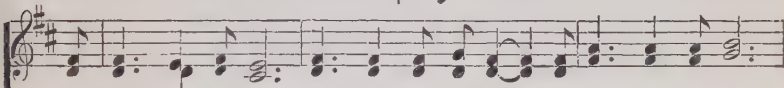
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Ernest G. W. Wesley.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Still un-de-cid-ed, tho' close to life's gate, O why not now en-ter,
2. Still un-de-cid-ed, why yet still de-lay? All things are read-y,
3. Still un-de-cid-ed! for thee He was slain, And why should His suff'ring
4. Still un-de-cid-ed! His voice sounds so clear: "Come all ye who wea-ry
5. Still un-de-cid-ed! O wait not too long; O turn from the world and



al-read-y 'tis late; Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for you;
 Love shows you the way, Night fast ap-proach-es, the day pass-es by,
 for thee be in vain? Think of the scour-ing, the spear and the cross!
 who fal-ter and fear, Free-ly I par-don, and cleanse and re-ceive!"
 its wild, rest-less throng; Je-sus now calls you—once more doth He call—



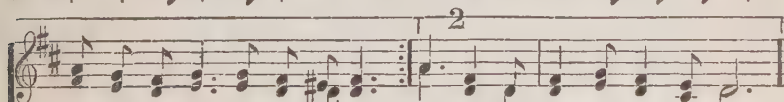
CHORUS.



Chains He will sev-er—all things He can do.
 Heed now His pleading:—"O why will you die?"
 Life He would give you,—all else is but loss. Why not de-cide to-night?
 Why not ac-cept Him and on Him be-lieve?
 Come while He's wait-ing, and trust Him for all.



Why not de-cide to-night? Je-sus is wait-ing and call-ing for thee,



Call-ing for thee, call-ing for thee; Call-ing, is call-ing now for thee.

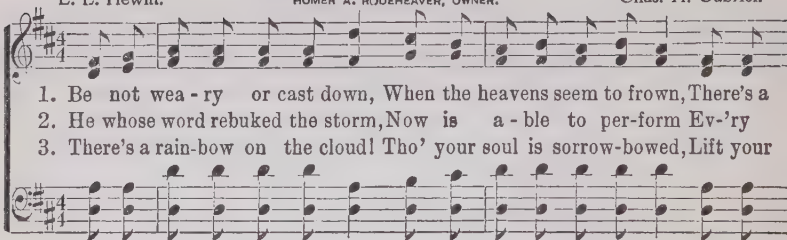


A Rainbow On the Cloud.

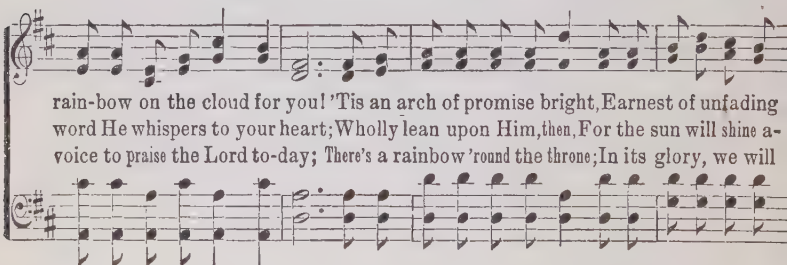
E. U. Hewitt.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Be not wea - ry or cast down, When the heavens seem to frown, There's a
2. He whose word rebuked the storm, Now is a - ble to per - form Ev - 'ry
3. There's a rain - bow on the cloud! Tho' your soul is sorrow-bowed, Lift your

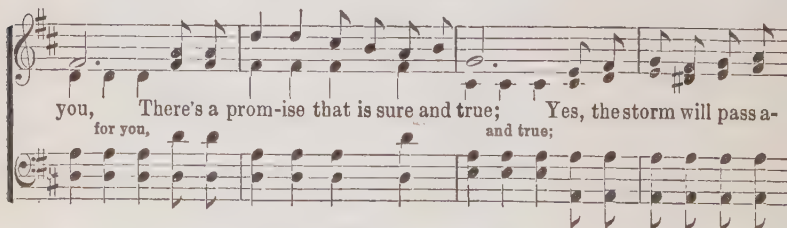


rain - bow on the cloud for you! 'Tis an arch of promise bright, Earnest of unfading
word He whispers to your heart; Wholly lean upon Him, then, For the sun will shine a -
voice to praise the Lord to - day; There's a rainbow 'round the throne; In its glory, we will

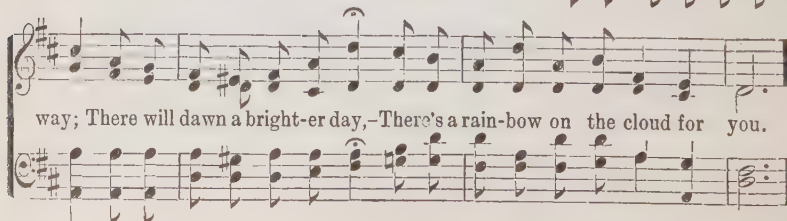
CHORUS.



light Pouring from a sky of ra - diant blue.
gain, And the shadows ev - er - more de - part. There's a rain - bow on the cloud for
own That He led us in His per - fect way.



you, There's a prom - ise that is sure and true; Yes, the storm will pass a -
for you, and true;




way; There will dawn a bright - er day, - There's a rain - bow on the cloud for you.

59 Jesus is Coming Again.

Rev. Ford C. Ottman.

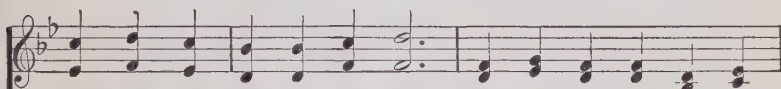
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B. D. Ackley.

M. 56 = .



1. Hear the glad ti-dings, O Bride of the Bride-groom! Rouse ye from
2. Loins should be gird-ed, and lights should be burn-ing, Watch-men are
3. Cloud-less the morn-ing for which we have wait-ed, Wait-ed so
4. Sleep-ing or wak-ing, re-deemed ones to- geth-er Caught up the



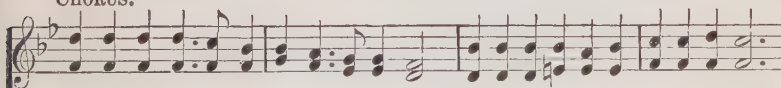
slum-ber, the night is far gone; Mys-tic in splen-dor, the
sound-ing the Ju-bi-lee horn; Zi-on, her head from the
wea-ri-ly, wait-ed so long! Now it is com-ing, O
King in His beau-ty shall see! Death with its sting, shall a-



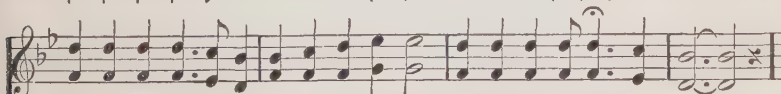
morn-ing star shin-eth, Her-ald-ing ev-er the near-ing of dawn.
dust is now lift-ing, Hail-ing the break of that glo-ri-ous morn.
sing hal-le-lu-jah! Sing it! For this is the true glo-ry song.
gain threat-en nev-er; We like our Lord shall for-ev-er-more be.



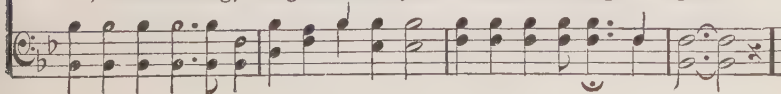
CHORUS.



Je-sus is com-ing, O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is com-ing in glo-ry to reign;



Yes, He is com-ing, O sing hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.

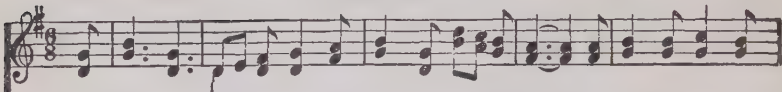


We're Marching to Zion.

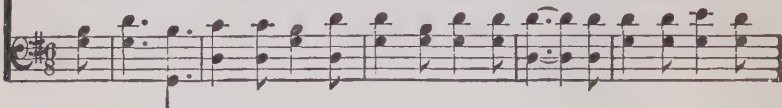
Rev. I. Watts,

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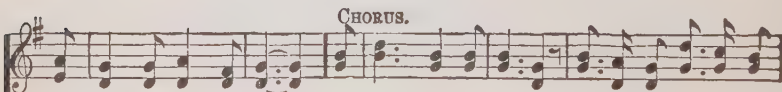
Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join in a song with
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But chil-dren of the
3. The hill of Zi-on yields; A thou-sand sa-cred sweets, Be-fore we reach the
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev-'ry tear be dry; We're marching thro' Im-



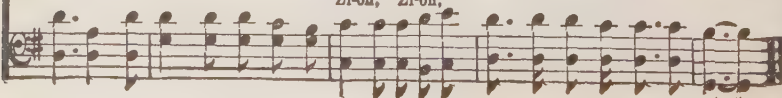
sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus sur-round the throne,
 heav'n-ly King, But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys a-broad,
 heav'n-ly fields, Be-fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets,
 manuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high,
 And thus surround the throne, And thus



And thus surround the throne.
 May speak their joys a-broad. We're marching to Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful
 Or walk the gold-en streets.
 To fair-er worlds on high.
 sur-round the throne. We're marching on to Zi-on,



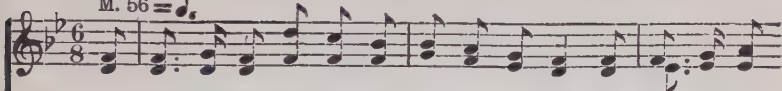
Zi-on; We're marching upward to Zi-on, The beau-ti-ful cit-y of God.
 Zi-on, Zi-on,



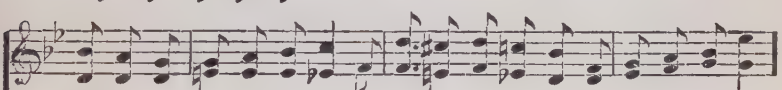
Mrs. C. H. M.

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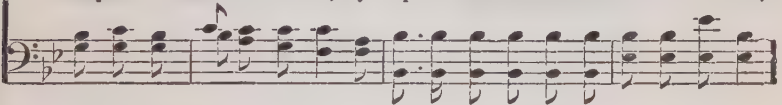
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

M. 56 = ♩ 

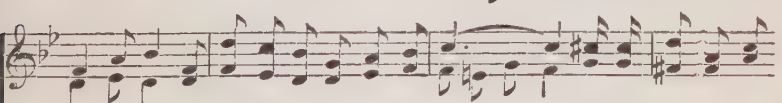
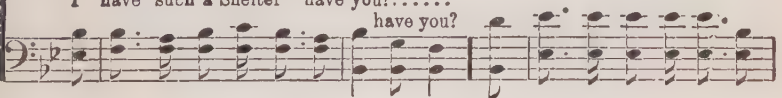
1. I have a great Sav - ior who saves ev - 'ry day, Who guid - eth my
2. A Help - er have I in whom I can con - fide, In dan - gers and
3. I have a great Shepherd who lov - eth His sheep, Who calls them by
4. I've found a great Shel - ter from life's win - try blast, In storm and in



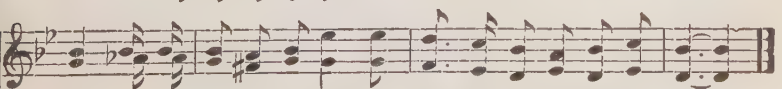
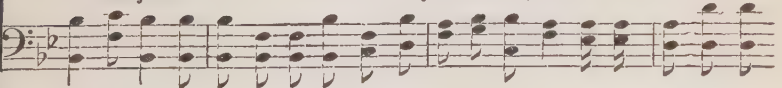
feet lest I wan - der a - stray; Who leads ev - 'ry step of life's wea - ry - some way,
tri - als He's close by my side, And keeps me so sweet - ly tho' tempted and tried,
name, and in safety doth keep; They feed in green pastures by still waters deep,
tempest He hold - eth me fast; My hope as an anch - or on Je - sus I've cast,



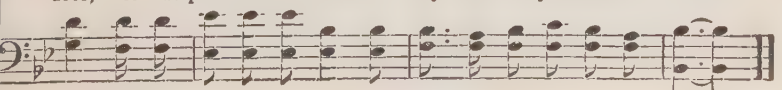
I have such a Sav - ior—have you?.....
I have such a Help - er—have you?..... I have such a Sav - ior—have
I have such a Shepherd—have you?.....
I have such a Shelter—have you?.....
have you?



you? Is my Savior your Savior, too?..... Has He en - tered the
have you? your Sav - ior, too?



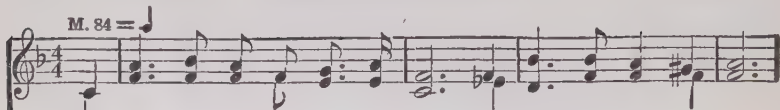
door, to de - part nev - er - more? Is my Sav - ior your Sav - ior too?



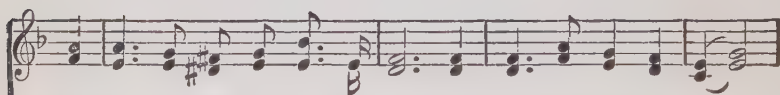
Mrs. F. G. Burroughs.

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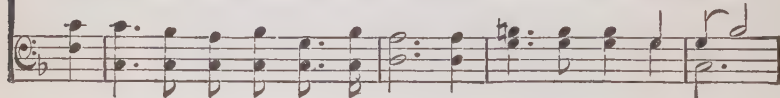
B. D. Ackley.

M. 84 = 

1. Dear Lord, take up the tan-gled strands, Where we have wrought in vain,
2. Touch Thou the sad, dis-cord-ant keys Of ev - 'ry troub-led breast,
3. Where bro - ken vows in frag-ments lie— The toll of wast-ed years,—
4. Take all the fail-ures, each mis-take Of our poor, hu - man ways,



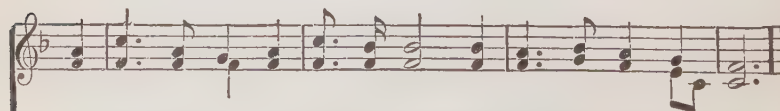
That by the skill of Thy dear hands Some beau-ty may re - main.
And change to peace-ful har-mo-nies The sigh-ings of un - rest.
Do Thou make whole a-gain, we cry, And give a song for tears.
Then, Sav - ior, for Thine own dear sake, Make them show forth Thy praise.



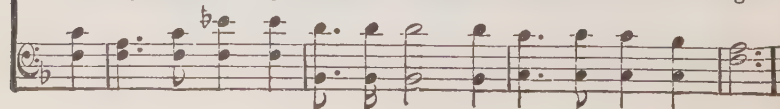
CHORUS.



Trans-formed by grace di-vine, The glo - - ry shall be Thine;
Trans-formed The glo - ry



To Thy most ho - ly will, O Lord, We now our all re - sign.

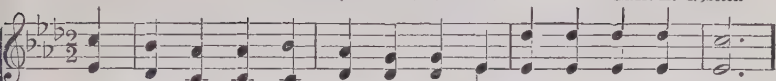


Pentecostal Power.

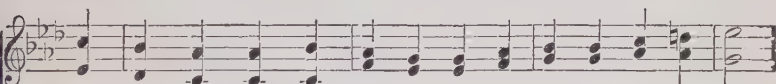
Charlotte G. Homer.

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Lord, as of old at Pen - te - cost Thou didst Thy pow'r dis - play,
2. For might-y works for Thee pre-pare, And strengthen ev - 'ry heart;
3. All self con-sume, all sin de-destroy! With ear-nest zeal en - due
4. Speak, Lord! be - fore Thy throne we wait, Thy prom-ise we be - lieve,



With cleans-ing, pu - ri - fy - ing flame De-scend on us to - day.
Come, take pos - ses - sion of Thine own, And nev - er - more de - part.
Each wait - ing heart to work for Thee; O Lord, our faith re - new!
And will not let Thee go un - til The bless-ing we re - ceive.



CHORUS.



Lord, send the old-time pow'r, The Pen - te - cos - tal pow'r! Thy floodgates of



bless-ing on us throw o - pen wide! Lord, send the old - time pow'r, the



Pen-te-cos-tal pow'r, That sin-ners be con-vert-ed and Thy name glo-ri-fied!



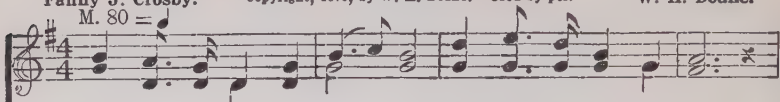
Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Copyright, 1870, by W. H. Doane. Used by per.

W. H. Doane.

M. 80 =

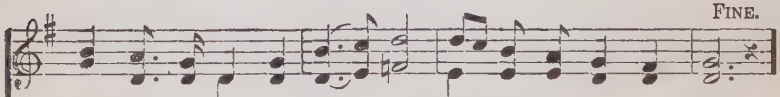
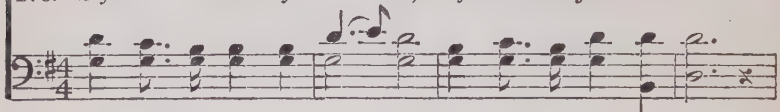


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—

2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod - ing care;

3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;

D. C.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—



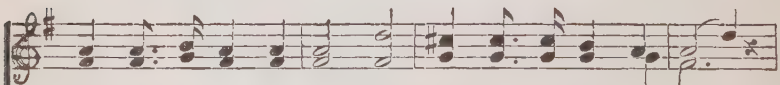
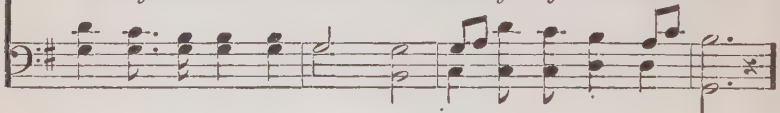
FINE.

There by His love o'er-shad - ed Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.

Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

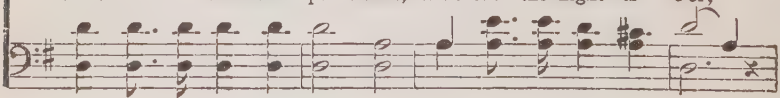
There by His love o'er-shad - ed Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.



Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;

Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



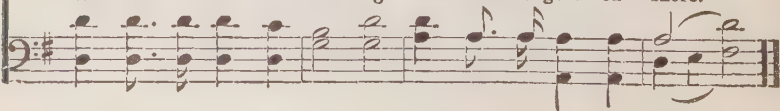
D. C.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.

On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.

Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.



In the Service of the King.

Rev. A. H. Ackley,

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HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley

1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
 2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
 3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
 4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,

Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth - ing else can bring,
 Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun - shine and the shad - ow I can sing,
 Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
 Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos - sess to Him I glad - ly bring,

CHORUS.
 In the serv - ice of the King In the serv - ice

of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have

peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

Make Somebody Happy To-day.

Calia Altstaetter.

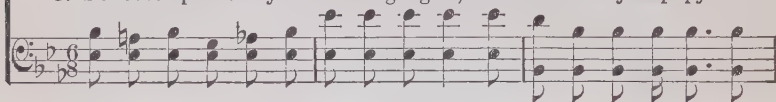
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 58 = ♩.



1. If your own sor-rows you want to for-get, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-
2. If you seek pleas-ure no troub-le can mar, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-
3. Donot complain that you've nothing to give, Make some-bod-y hap-py to-



day; If in your heart you would know no re-gret, Make some-bod-y
day; You'll find it wait-ing you, right where you are, Make some-bod-y
day; Do your whole du-ty, and preach as you live, Make some-bod-y



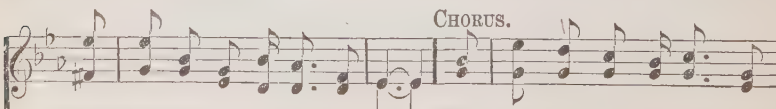
hap-py to-day. Oth-ers near by you may be in despair, Struggling 'neath
hap-py to-day. Is your life darkened by hopes that were vain? Go help an-
hap-py to-day. Tho' you have on-ly a smile, or a flow'r, Give it, and



cross-es so heav-y to bear; They may take heart, if you show that you care—
oth-er his goal to at-tain! What you have lost, by your help he may gain—
speak of His love, of His pow'r; You may cheer man-y a pain-wea-ry hour—



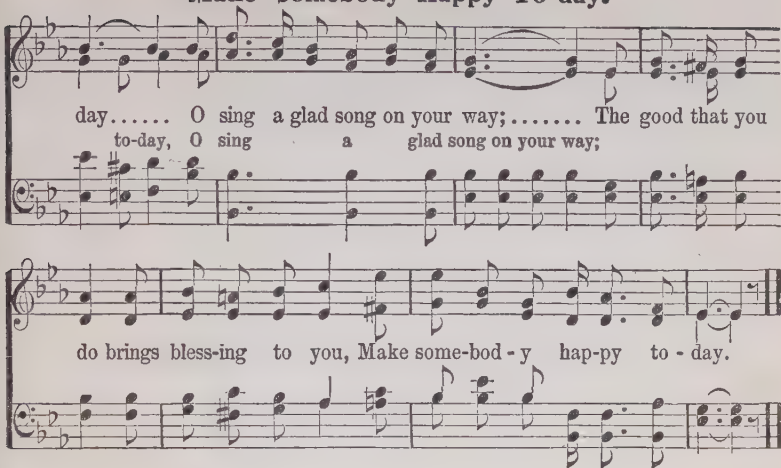
CHORUS.



Make some-bod-y hap-py to-day. Make some-bod-y hap-py to-



Make Somebody Happy To-day.



day..... O sing a glad song on your way;..... The good that you
to-day, O sing a glad song on your way;

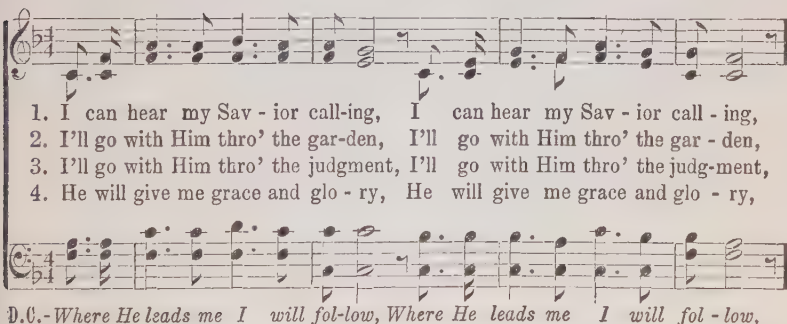
do brings bless-ing to you, Make some-bod - y hap-py to - day.

67 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

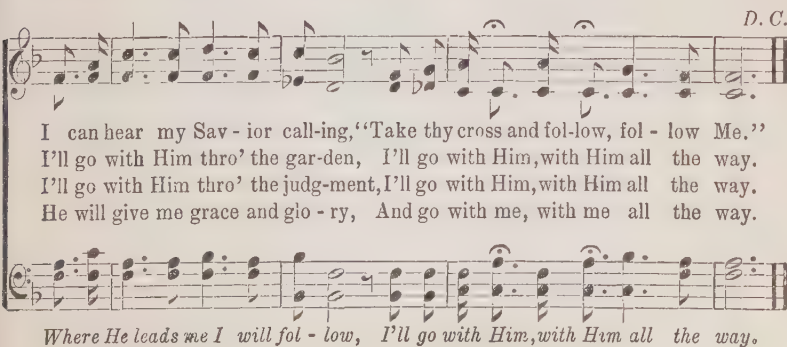
COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS, USED BY PERMISSION,

J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.-Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,



D. C.

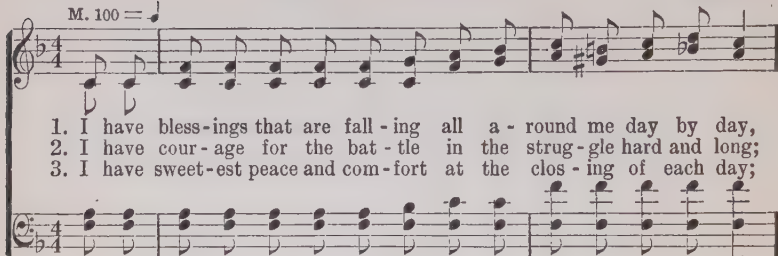
I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

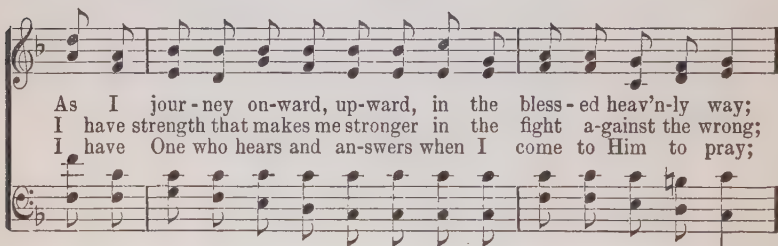
W. C. Poole.

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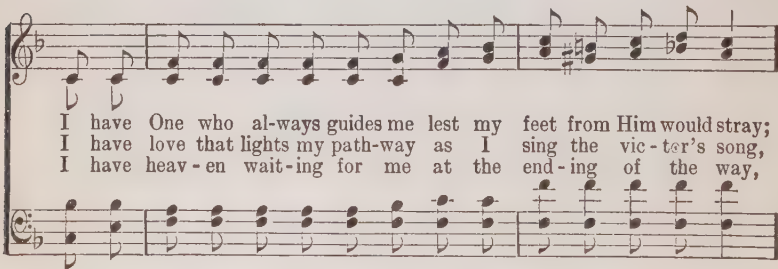
J. P. Stillson.

M. 100 = 


1. I have bless-ings that are fall-ing all a-round me day by day,
2. I have cour-age for the bat-tle in the strug-gle hard and long;
3. I have sweet-est peace and com-fort at the clos-ing of each day;

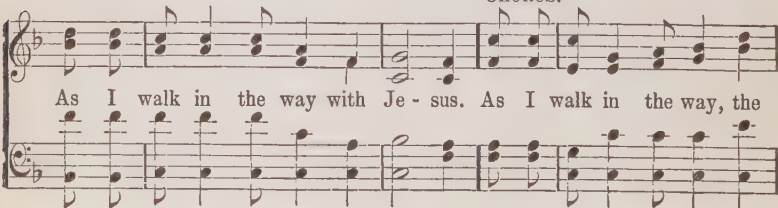


As I jour-ney on-ward, up-ward, in the bless-ed heav'n-ly way;
I have strength that makes me stronger in the fight a-against the wrong;
I have One who hears and an-swers when I come to Him to pray;



I have One who al-ways guides me lest my feet from Him would stray;
I have love that lights my path-way as I sing the vic-tor's song,
I have heav-en wait-ing for me at the end-ing of the way,

CHORUS.



As I walk in the way with Je-sus. As I walk in the way, the



heav'n-ly way, As I walk in the way with Je-sus, I have blessings ev-ry

I'll Walk In the Way With Jesus.

day, in His pre-cious chosen way, As I walk in the way with Je - sus.

69

A Priceless Pearl.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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B. D. Ackley.

M. 63 = ♩ .

1. I've found a pearl, a price-less pearl, Whose worth can ne'er be told,
2. I've found a pearl, a price-less pearl, More pure than all be - side;
3. I've found a pearl, a price-less pearl, That none can take a - way;
4. I've found a pearl, a price-less pearl, That on my heart I wear;

And from the hand that gave it me, No gift will I with - hold.
For mer - cy dropped it from the dross, When He, my Sav - ior, died;
Its pre - cious light will spark - le on, Thro' ev - er - last - ing day.
And O what joy, what bliss to know 'Twas love that placed it there!

CHORUS.

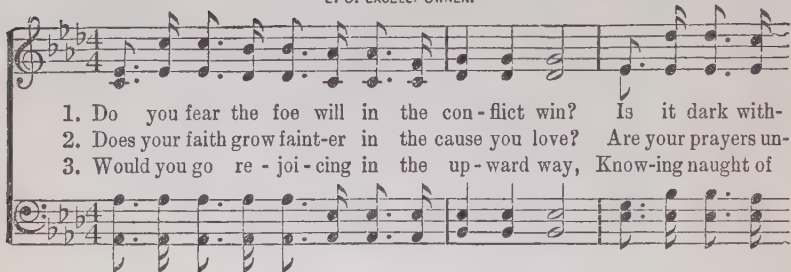
All that I have, and all that I am, All that I hope to be,

Je - sus, my Lord, for a pearl so dear, Glad - ly I bring to Thee.

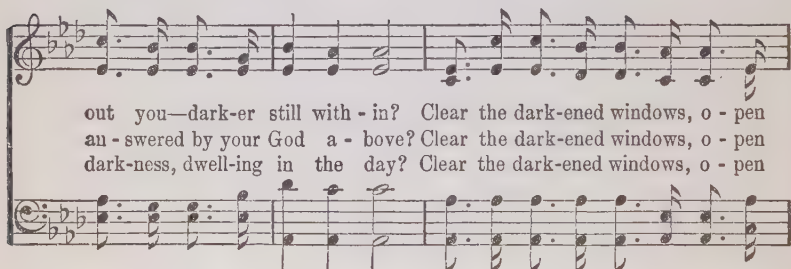
Ada Blenkhorn.

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E. O. EXCELL. OWNER.

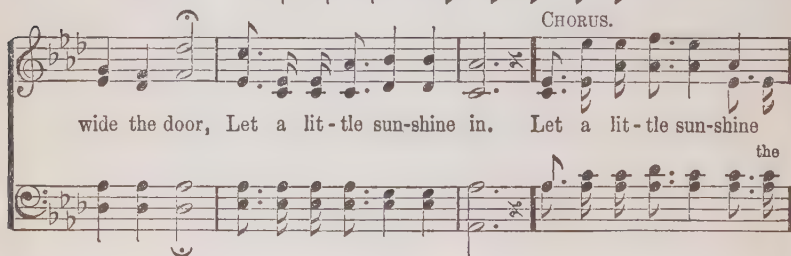
Chas. H. Gabriel.



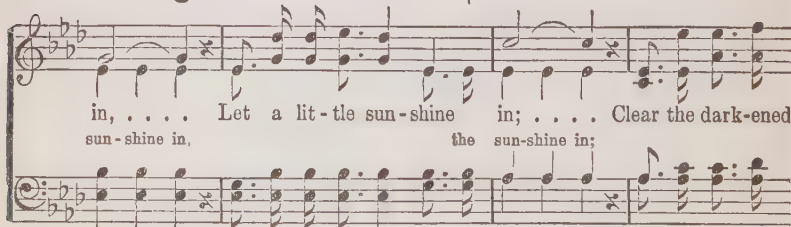
1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with-
 2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
 3. Would you go re - joi - cing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of



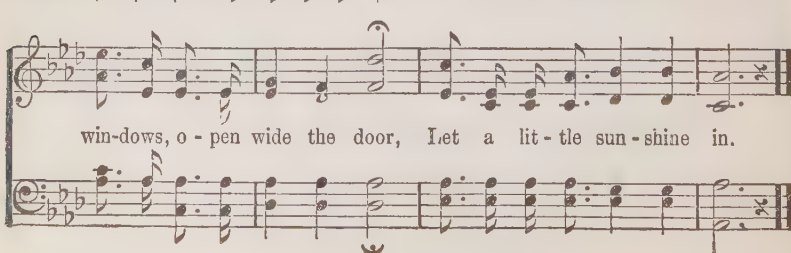
out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
 dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen



CHORUS.
 wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit - tle sun-shine
 the



in, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in; Clear the dark-ened
 sun-shine in, the sun-shine in;




win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in.

God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.

C. D. Martin.

M. 54 = 

W. S. Martin.



1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



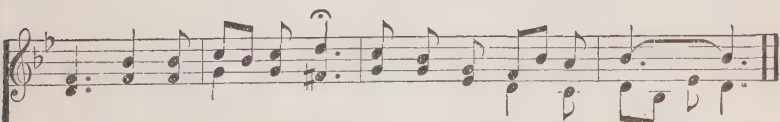
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth-ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea-ry one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.



CHORUS.



God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;



He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
 take care of you.

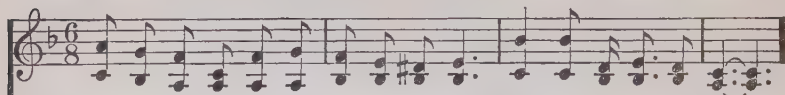


Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-den too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!



Tho' it be lit-tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!



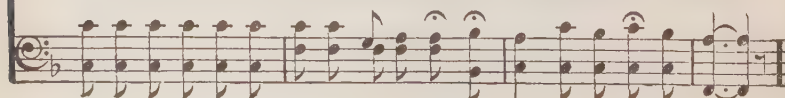
CHORUS.



Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;



sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day!

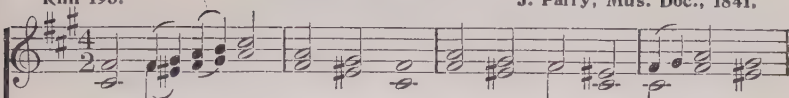


Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

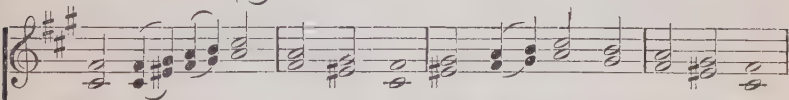
(ABERYSTWYTH.)

Rhif 193.

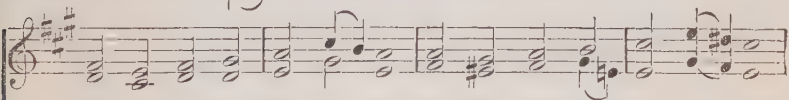
J. Parry, Mus. Doc., 1841.



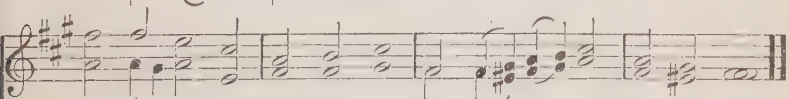
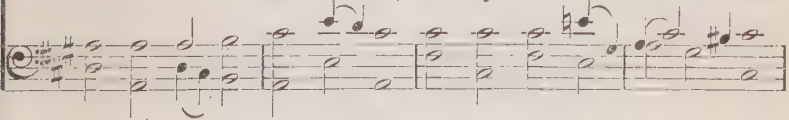
1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee:
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:



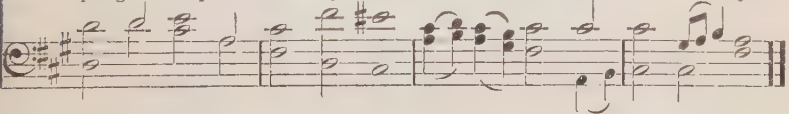
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound: Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name; I am all un - right - eous - ness:
 Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee:




Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing!
 False and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

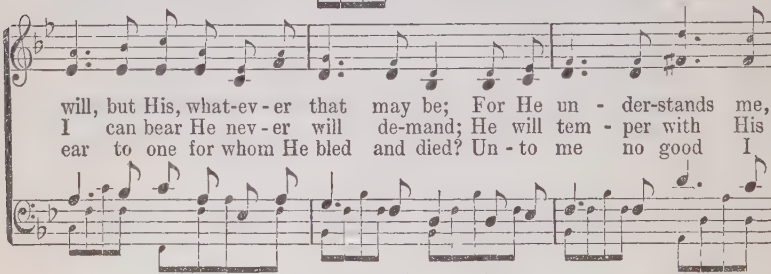


Anywhere, Everywhere.


Charlotte G. Homer.

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Camp Coetquidan, France.M. 66 = 

- 
1. With my Lord I'll go wher - ev - er He may lead - Not my
2. If with fire He try me, this I sure - ly know, More than
3. Shall not He who hears the ra - vens when they cry Bend His

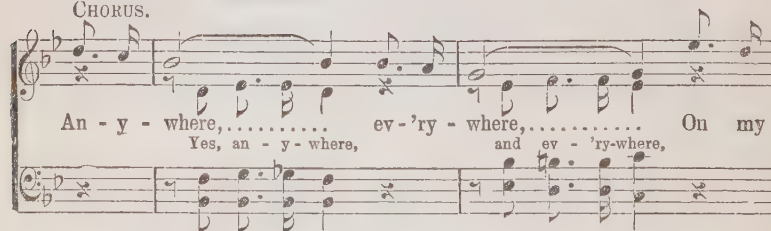


will, but His, what-ev - er that may be; For He un - der - stands me,
I can bear He nev - er will de - mand; He will tem - per with His
ear to one for whom He bled and died? Un - to me no good I




knows just what I need, Holds me by the hand and watch - es o - ver me.
love the winds that blow, And the wa - ters deep hold in His might - y hand.
ask will He de - ny, Al - ways near me, al - ways walk - ing by my side.

CHORUS.



An - y - where, ev - 'ry - where, On my
Yes, an - y - where, and ev - 'ry - where,



jour - - - ney here be - low, Where He needs me,
While on my jour - - - ney here be - low, Just where He needs me.

Anywhere, Everywhere.

where He leads me, 'Twill be joy..... with Him to go.
with Him to go,

75 My Tent is Pitched in Beulah Land.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 56 =

1. Praise God, I've found a safe re-treat Where I can rest my wea-ry feet;
2. From here yon heav-en can be seen, Tho' Jordan's tor-rent flows be-tween;
3. I know that in that cit-y fair Are man-y loved ones wait-ing there,
4. Christ lives with me in this re-treat And our com-mun-ion here is sweet;

Here joys a-bound on ev-'ry hand, -'T is Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land.
But till I cross, at God's command, I'll stay right here in Beulah Land.
But till I'm called to join that band, I'll nev-er leave sweet Beulah Land.
He'll lead me, if I hold His hand, To heav-en's gate in Beulah Land.

CHORUS.

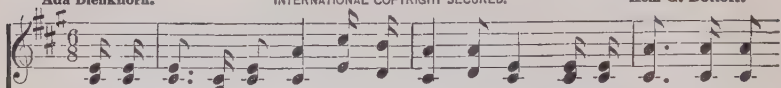
O Beu-lah Land, for - ev - er blest, The land of joy, and peace, and rest;

No more till death I'll leave thy strand, My tent is pitched in Beu-lah Land.

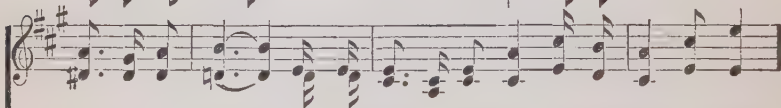
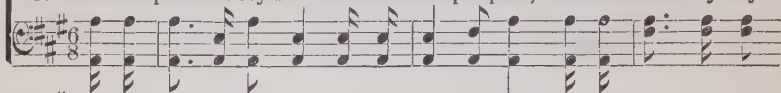
Ada Blenkhorn.

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Kem G. Bottorf.



1. There is One loved me so that for me He died, He's my dear, pre-cious
2. When I'm wea-ry and faint He is al-ways near, With His joy He my
3. Ho - ly an-gels keep watch o'er me thro' the night, And each morning He
4. He is fair - er than lil - y or rose to me, And His bless-ings fall
5. There's a place for my soul that He doth pre-pare, And its beau - ty by



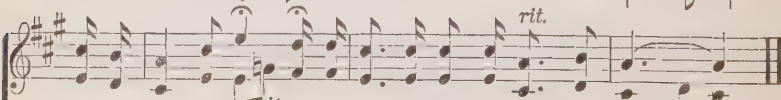
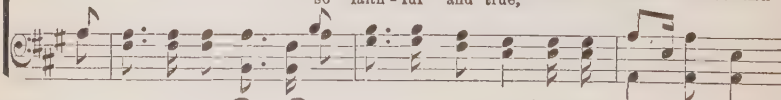
Sav - ior so true; On the cross for my sins He was cru - ci - fied:
 strength doth re - new; And He comforts my heart, speaking words of cheer:
 guards me a - new; In the smile of His love doth my soul de - light:
 soft as the dew; O my heart, how it longs His dear face to see:
 faith I can view; First of all, when I en - ter that man-sion fair,



I want to see Je-sus, don't you?... I want to see Je-sus, don't you?....
 don't you? don't you?



My Sav - ior so faith-ful and true;.....
 so faith-ful and true, When I reach the strand



of that love-bright land, O I want to see Je - sus, don't you?.....
 don't you?



O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103.

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by J. B. Herbert.

DUET.



1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in me bless His name;
 2. He will not for - ev - er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
 3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put a - way our sins;



Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
 Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
 Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.



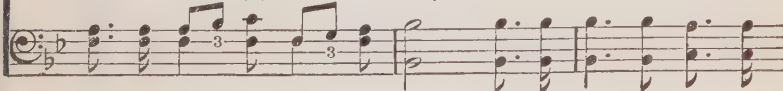
CHORUS.



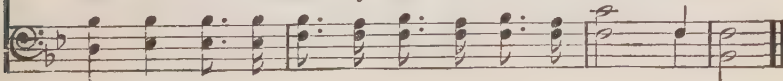
For as high..... as is the heav - en, Far a -
 For as high as is the heav - en,



bove..... the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
 Far a - bove the earth be - low,



fear Him In the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show.

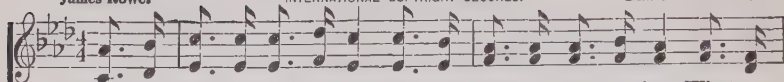


What a Day of Victory!

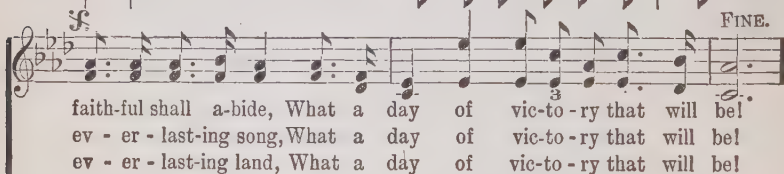
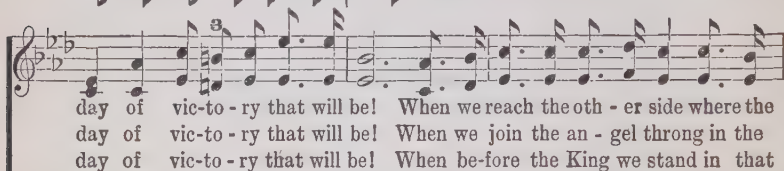
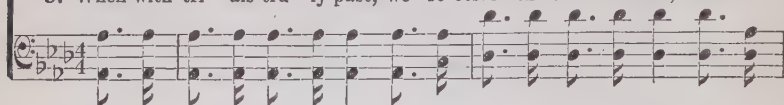
James Rowe.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

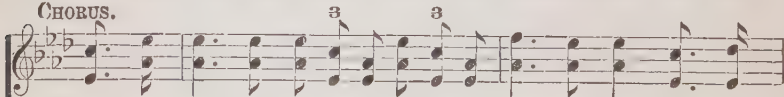


1. When at last we see the King and His praise in glo - ry sing, What a
2. When we walk the streets of gold with the hap - py saints of old, What a
3. When with tri - als tru - ly past, we re - ceive the crown at last, What a

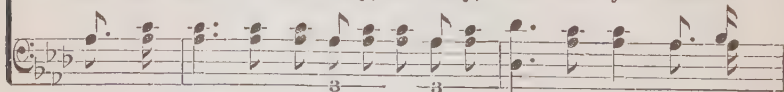


D. S. - pal - ace of the King, What a day of vic-to - ry that will be!

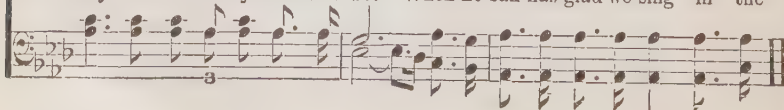
CHORUS.



What a day of vic-to - ry, vic-to - ry, vic - to - ry! What a



day of vic - to - ry that will be! When ho - san - nas glad we sing in the



I Shall Be Ready.

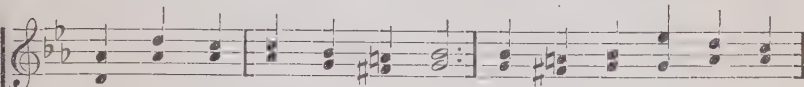
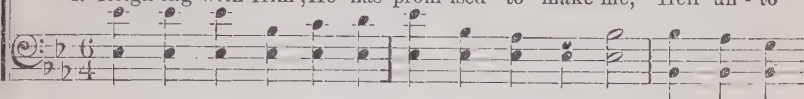
Rev. A. H. ACKLEY.

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B. D. ACKLEY.



1. I shall be read-y to wel-come the Sav-iour, I may be -
2. I shall be read-y, for Him I have trust-ed, Us - ing the
3. Shall His re - turn-ing, to you mean a bless-ing? Or will you
4. Reign-ing with Him, He has prom-ised to make me, Heir un - to



hold Him de-scend from on High, Clothed in His gar-ments of
tal - ents com-mit - ted to me, Things I once loved, from my
trem - ble and fall down with fear? How will He find you, de -
God and Joint - Heir with His Son, All shall be well when He



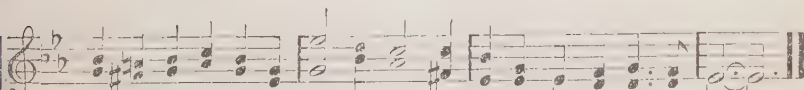
Heav-en - ly splen-dor, O what a day when the King shall draw nigh.
heart have de-part - ed Liv-ing in Je-sus my soul is made free.
ny - ing, con-fess - ing? Seek Him, be-liev-ing, while yet He is near.
comes back to take me, Rul - er and Lord of the world He has won.



CHORUS.



I shall be read - y when Je - sus comes, when He comes, when He comes,



I shall be ready when Jesus comes, when Jesus comes back for His own.

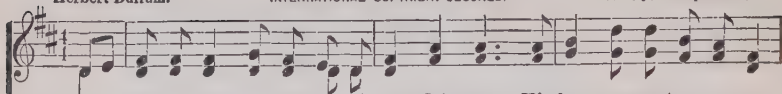


I Never Loved Jesus as Now.

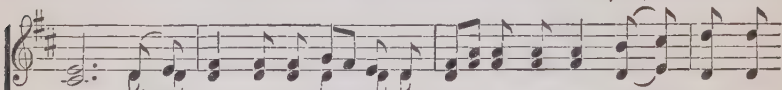
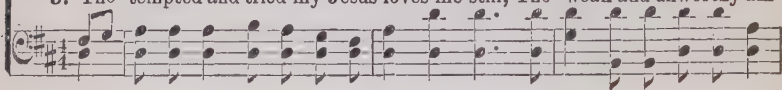
Herbert Buffam.

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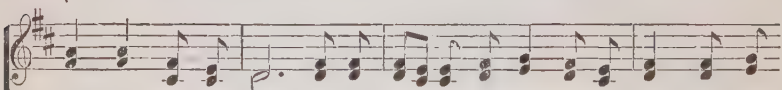
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. I nev-er loved Je-sus as I love Him now, His love was not ev-er so
2. I thought when my load of sin had rolled a - way It was the best day of my
3. Tho' tempted and tried my Jesus loves me still, Tho' weak and unworthy am



sweet; I feel like a child sit-ting down on the shore, While the o - cean
life, Like the time when the Savior calmed rough Gal-i - lee, So end - ed
I, He gives me His grace when the way darkest seems, And il - lum - ines



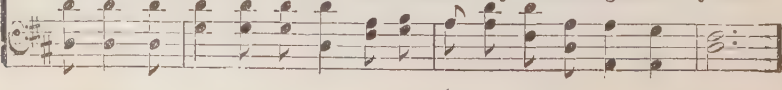
rolls in at its feet, For in fath-om-less waves o'er my spir - it there
• my soul's bit - ter strife, And I thought I could nev - er re - joice more than
my path to the sky, Af - ter each dreaded con - flict I find my - self



breaks Such a flood-tide of glo - ry di - vine, That I know there's a
then When He rolled all my bur - dens a - way, But while that was
drawn In - to clos - er re - la - tion with Him, And I love Him more



cur - rent that comes from the throne, And con - nects with this glad heart of mine.
pre - cious I say from my heart, That I love Him bet - ter far to - day.
dear - ly when tri - al is o'er, For I've vic - t'ry thro' His grace ev'ry time.



I Never Loved Jesus as Now.

CHORUS.

O His love is more pre-cious than sil-ver or gold, The joy that He
gives me can nev-er be told, And I say from my heart as be-
fore Him I bow, "I nev-er loved my Je-sus as I love Him now."

81

America.

S. F. Smith.

English.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove,
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's holy light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

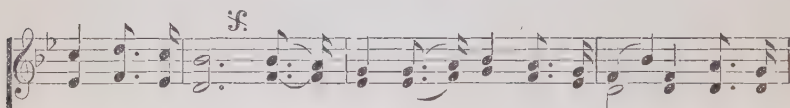
The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

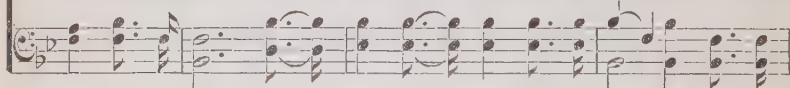
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.



1. There's a church in the val - ley of the wild-wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the



place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the wil-low; Dis-turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall



D. S.— No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the

FINE. CHORUS.



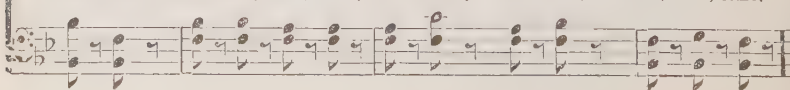
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.



church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



D. S.

He is Holding Me To-day.

W. S. M.

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Rev. W. S. Martin.

M. 88 =

1. The God who holds the wa - ters in the hol - low of His hand Is
 2. The God who saved His peo - ple from the fire and from the sword Is
 3. The God who did great won - ders in the per - son of His Son Is
 4. I'll trust in Him each mo - ment, tho' the hand I can - not see That's

hold - ing me to - day, is hold - ing me to - day; Who formed the whole creation
 hold - ing me to - day, is hold - ing me to - day; Who purchased our sal - va - tion
 hold - ing me to - day, is hold - ing me to - day; Who gave His life our ran - som
 hold - ing me to - day, is hold - ing me to - day; And safe in such con - fid - ing

by the word of His com - mand, Is safe - ly hold - ing me to - day.
 by the shed - ding of His blood, Is safe - ly hold - ing me to - day.
 and o'er death the vic - t'ry won, Is safe - ly hold - ing me to - day.
 I shall ev - er full - y be, For God is hold - ing me to - day.

D.S. - in the hol - low of His hand Is safe - ly hold - ing me to - day.

CHORUS.

He is hold - ing me to - day, He will hold me all the way; I am

safe when lean - ing on His might - y arm! The God who holds the wa - ters

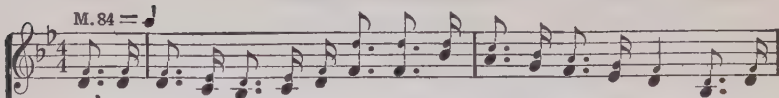
The Homeland.

C. H. G.

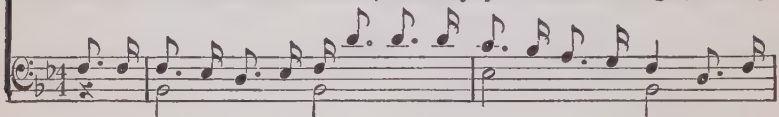
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

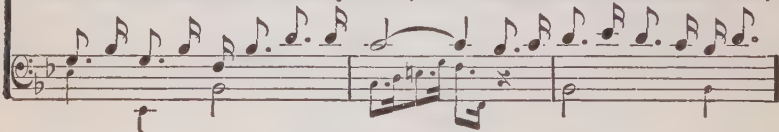
M. 84 = ♩



1. When the beau-ties of the Homeland Burst up - on my rav-ished sight, And the
2. Gold-en streets thro-'out the cit-y, Pearl-y gates and jas - per walls, Shin-ing
3. When the sil - ver cord is loosened, When my spir - it takes its flight, And my



King in all His beau-ty I shall see, Then how small will seem the trials
 throngs who sweetly chant their Maker's praise; Where no sickness ev - er en-ters,
 soul shall from this cumb'rous clay be free, Just one note of heav-en's mu-sic,



Which did here my soul affright, And how radiant heav-en's splendor seems to me!
 And no shad-ow ev - er falls, Naught to mar the joy of ev - er-last-ing praise.
 Just one glimpse of glory bright, Will sweet recompense for all my toil-ing be.



CHORUS.



O the { Home-land o-ver yon-der, Blessed land of light and won-der, Where I
 lit - tle more rough tossing, And I'll reach the river's cross-ing, And be



The Homeland.

hope to meet my Savior face to face;..... Just a
gathered in the (Omit.....) Homeland, saved by grace.

Sav - ior, meet Him face to face;

85 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

M. 66 =

1. Brightly beams our Father's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er! Some poor sea-man, tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

CHORUS.

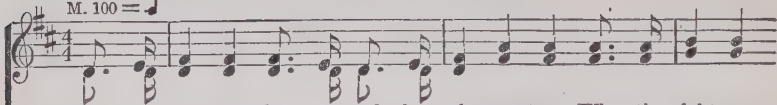
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res - cue, you may save.

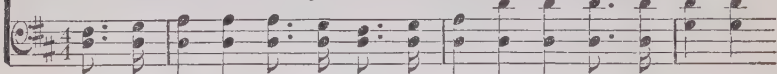
Avis M. Christiansen.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 100 = 

1. When your cross seems heav - y, and the path - way steep, When the night grows
2. When the old - time pow - er seems for - ev - er gone, When the world for -
3. Je - sus waits to take you in His arms of love From the lone - ly



drear - y, and the shad - ows deep, There's a ref - uge o - pen, bless - ed
gets you as it rush - es on; When you fast are sink - ing in - to
val - ley to the heights a - bove; You will find sweet com - fort in His



ha - ven fair—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!
deep de - spair—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!
pres - ence there—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!



D. S.—There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer!

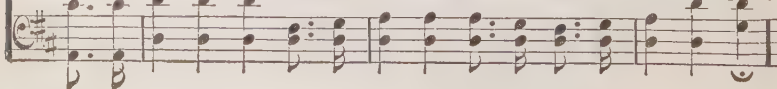
CHORUS.



There's a bless - ing wait - ing at the place of Prayer! There is balm for sor - row,



there is rest from care; There is per - fect peace and joy be - yond com - pare;



I Shall See the King.

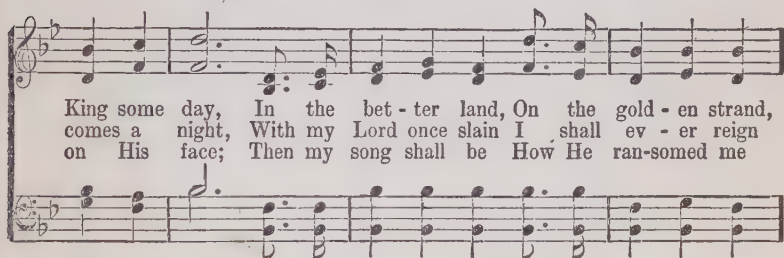
Rev. W. C. Poole.

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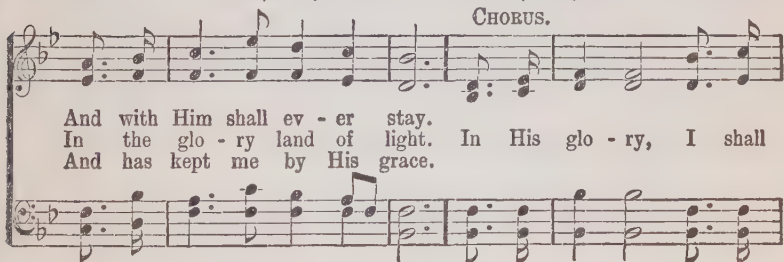
B. D. Ackley.

M. 92 = 


1. I shall see the King Where the an - gels sing, I shall see the
 2. In the land of song, In the glo - ry - throng, Where there nev - er
 3. I shall see the King, All my trib - utes bring, And shall look up -

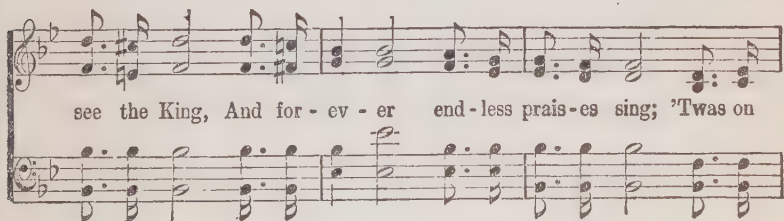


King some day, In the bet - ter land, On the gold - en strand,
 comes a night, With my Lord once slain I shall ev - er reign,
 on His face; Then my song shall be How He ran - somed me

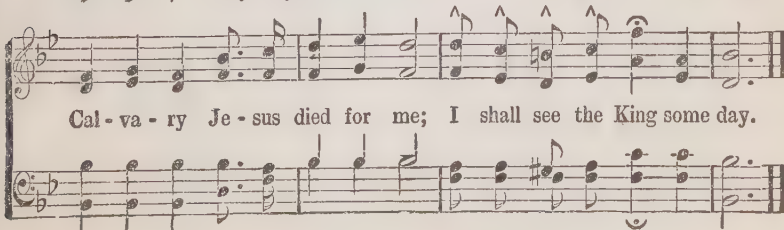


CHORUS.

And with Him shall ev - er stay.
 In the glo - ry land of light. In His glo - ry, I shall
 And has kept me by His grace.



see the King, And for - ev - er end - less prais - es sing; 'Twas on



Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for me; I shall see the King some day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

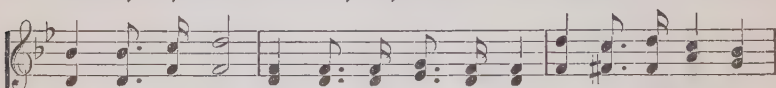
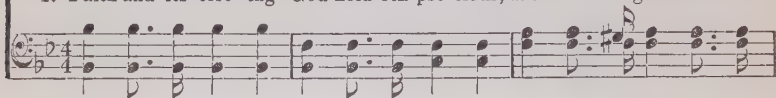
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 88 =



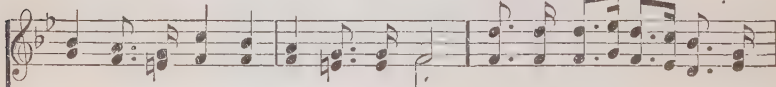
1. Not hav-ing seen Him, yet do we love Him, In Him be-liev-ing, who
2. Prophets have searched, proclaiming sal-va-tion; Told of God's mer-cy so
3. Ev-er is God a - bun-dant in mer-cy, Full of com-pas-sion,—oh,
4. Faith and its test-ing God hold-eth pre-cious, More than of gold that is



dwel-eth a - bove; Joy is un-speak-a - ble, full of His glo - ry;
 long un - re-vealed; Told of His suf - fer - ing, told of His glo - ry,
 let us re-joice! Tho' we are tried in so man-y temp-tations,
 tried in the fire; He will pre-serve us, and hon-or and love us,



CHORUS.



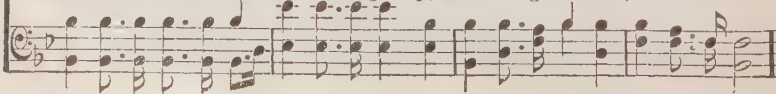
Not hav-ing seen Him, Him do we love.
 Which from the an-gels long were con-cealed. We will love Je - sus for-
 We will give praise with spir-it and voice.
 Till He hath wrought His deep-est de - sire.



ev - er and ev - er! Blind-ly we trust Him who dwell-eth a - bove; Our



joy is un-speak-a-ble, full of His glo-ry; Not having seen Him, Him do we love.



Lord Jesus, So Come!

Edith L. Mapes.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 112 = 

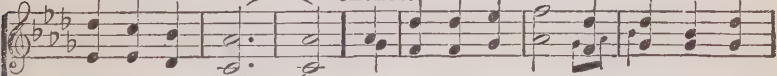
1. O some-day, with trump of God and a shout, And sound of the arch-an-gel's
2. On that day the dead in Christ shall rise first, And those of His own who re-
3. Then sorrow we not as those without hope, But comfort ourselves with this



voice,.... From Heaven the Lord Him-self shall descend: So let us be
main..... To-gether with Him shall meet in the clouds Without an-y
word,.... That all those in Him, when He shall re-turn, For - ev - er shall



CHORUS.



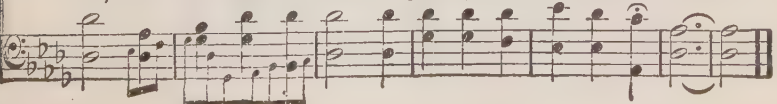
glad and re - joice.....
dy - ing or pain..... Then oh, what de-light when faith shall be
be with the Lord.....



sight And Je - sus comes back for His own;..... Caught up in the
back, comes back for His own;



air, to be with Him there, O quick-ly, Lord Je - sus, so come!

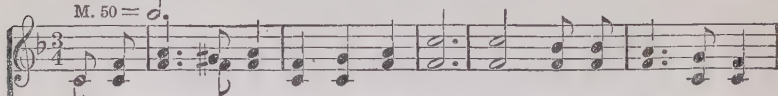


I Am Longing to Know More of Jesus.

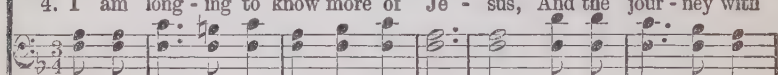

William F. Price.

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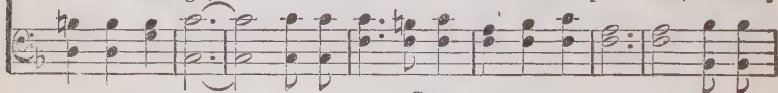
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 50 = 


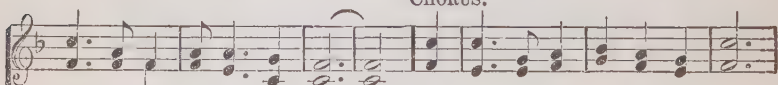
1. I am long - ing to know more of Je - sus! Oh, the charm of that
 2. I am long - ing to know more of Je - sus! Ah, the depths of His
 3. I am long - ing to know more of Je - sus! Oh, the pit - i - less
 4. I am long - ing to know more of Je - sus, And the jour - ney with



won - der - ful name; How it thrills me with heav - en - ly vi - sions, When I
 love is un - known, For it found me a wan - der - ing sin - ner, And re -
 death on the tree! How it stirs me to deep - er de - vo - tion When I
 Him I would go; For I know I shall stand in His pres - ence, When my



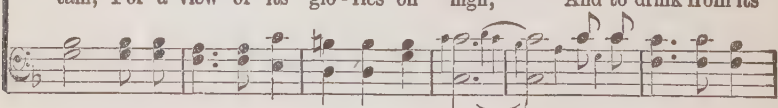
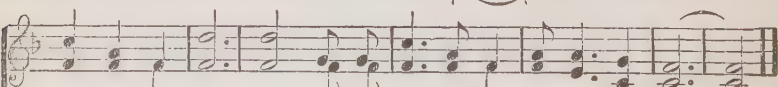
CHORUS.



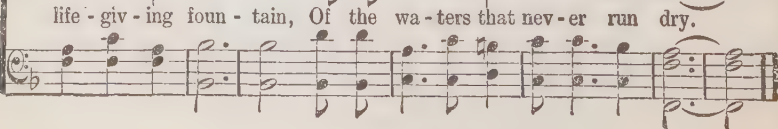
think of His com - ing a - gain!
 claimed me and made me His own.
 think how He suf - fered for me!
 la - bors are end - ed be - low.

tain, For a view of its glo - ries on high, And to drink from its

life - giv - ing foun - tain, Of the wa - ters that nev - er run dry.



Under the Cross of Jesus.

Leonard S. Jenkins.

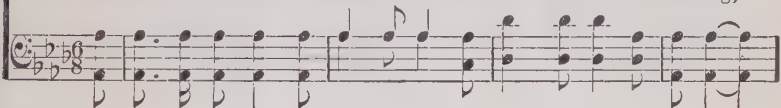
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 63 = ♩.



1. We meet at the cross of Christ to-day, The sym - bol of His giv - ing,
2. We meet at the cross of Christ to sing The sweet-ness of its sto - ry;
3. We meet at the cross of Christ to bow In ear - nest, si - lent plead - ing;
4. We meet at the cross of Christ: O men, Was ev - er Love so ea - ger?
5. We meet at the cross of Christ to wait The full - ness of His bless - ing;



And long for a fit - ting word to say, How sweet the peace of liv - ing.
 And still to the cross of Christ we cling, Re - splen - dent yet with glo - ry.—
 We think of the thorns up - on His brow, And lo, our hearts are bleeding,—
 We wait, as we search our hearts a - gain—O hu - man love, how mea - ger!
 We bring emp - ty hands so late, so late—And lips so late con - fess - ing —



CHORUS.



Un - der the cross, the crim - son cross, Un - der the cross of Je - sus;



Un - der the cross, the crim - son cross, Un - der the cross of Je - sus!

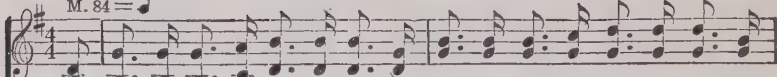


It's My Flag, Too.

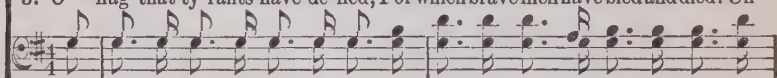

Lizzie DeArmond.

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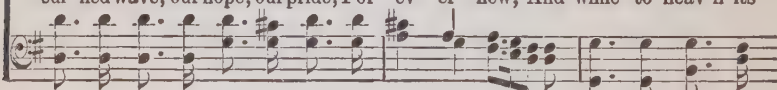
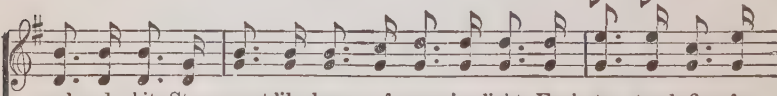
Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 84 = 


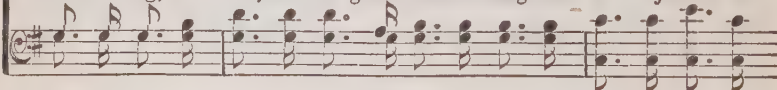
1. The fair - est flag be - neath the sun, The flag that glo - rious free - dom won, That
2. Up - lift the flag tri - um - phant - ly That made us one from sea to sea! Un -
3. O flag that ty - rants have de - fied, For which brave men have bled and died! Un -


tells of deeds of val - or done, With pride we view; Its shin - ing folds of
stained for - ev - er may it be, Our em - blem true. From north to south, from
sul - lied wave, our hope, our pride, For - ev - er new; And while to heav'n its



red and white Stream out like beams of morn - ing light: Each star stands firm for
east to west It waves a - bove a coun - try blest, Whose peo - ple well have
folds we fling, A - new, al - le - giance we will bring And ev - 'ry voice u -



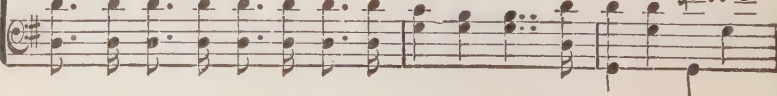
CHORUS.



truth and right—It's my flag, too.
stood the test—It's my flag, too. It's my flag, too, the Red, White and Blue! The
nit - ed sing—It's my flag, too.

flag that leads to vic - to - ry is my flag, too! It's my flag, too, the



It's My Flag, Too.

Red, White and Blue! The star-ry flag of Lib-er-ty is my flag, too!

93

Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
child to re-ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly;
grace can re-store; Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way, Pa-tient-ly win them;

CHORUS.

Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav-ior has died.

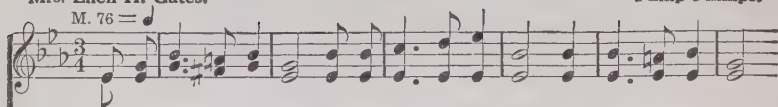
care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

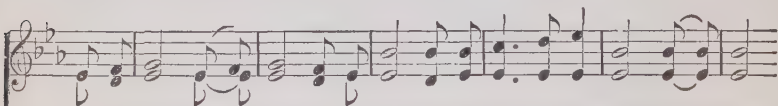
BY PERMISSION.

Philip Phillips.

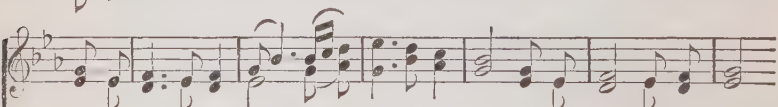
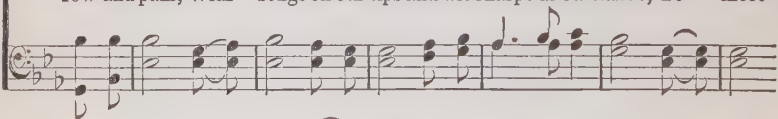
M. 76 =



1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. O that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jas-per walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. O how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land So free from all sor-



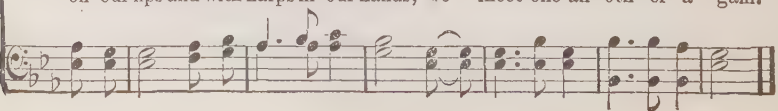
of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the veil in-ter-venes Be - tween
ar-ethstands; The King of all kingdoms for-ev - er is He, And He hold-
row and pain, With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet



of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms
the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Till I fan-
eth our crowns in His hands, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs



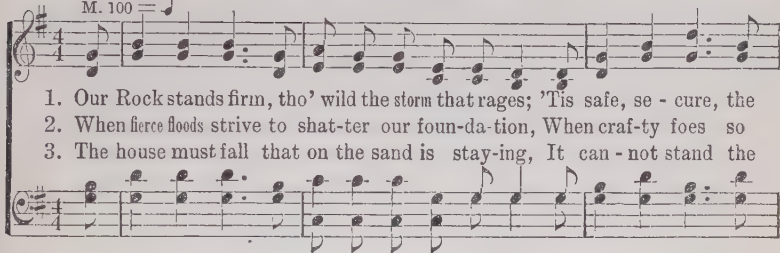
ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.



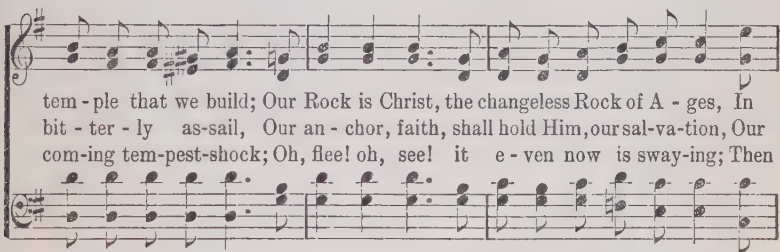
Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

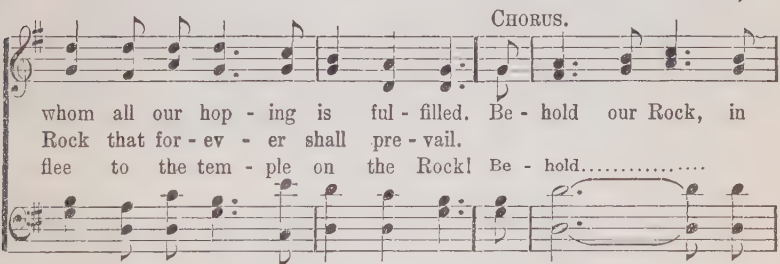
M. 100 = 


1. Our Rock stands firm, tho' wild the storm that rages; 'Tis safe, se - cure, the
 2. When fierce floods strive to shat-ter our foun-da-tion, When craf-ty foes so
 3. The house must fall that on the sand is stay-ing, It can-not stand the

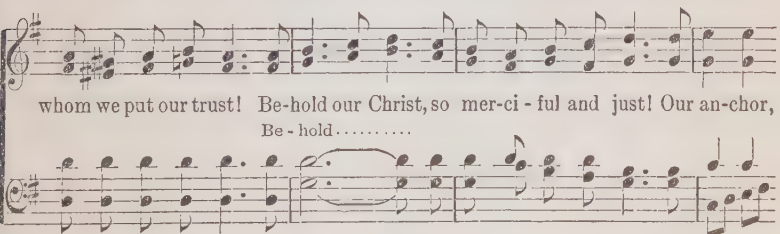


tem-ple that we build; Our Rock is Christ, the changeless Rock of A - ges, In
 bit - ter - ly as-sail, Our an - chor, faith, shall hold Him, our sal-va-tion, Our
 com-ing tem-pest-shock; Oh, flee! oh, see! it e - ven now is sway-ing; Then

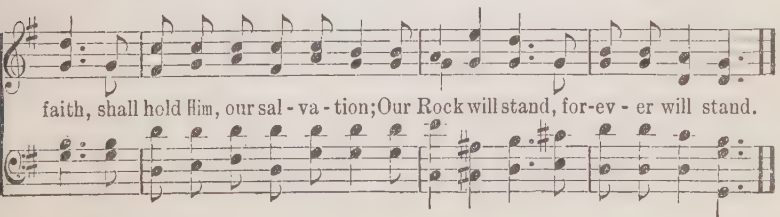
CHORUS.



whom all our hop - ing is ful - filled. Be - hold our Rock, in
 Rock that for - ev - er shall pre - vail.
 flee to the tem - ple on the Rock! Be - hold.....



whom we put our trust! Be-hold our Christ, so mer-ci - ful and just! Our an-chor,
 Be - hold.....

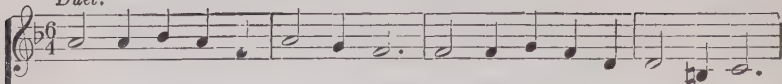


faith, shall hold Him, our sal - va - tion; Our Rock will stand, for-ev - er will stand.

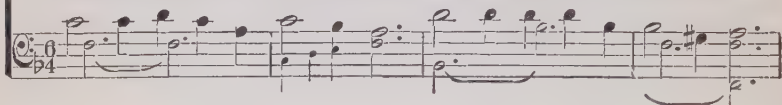
Drifting.

E. E. Hewitt.
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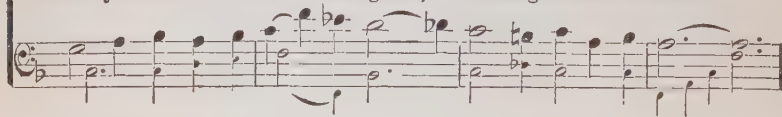
B. D. Ackley.



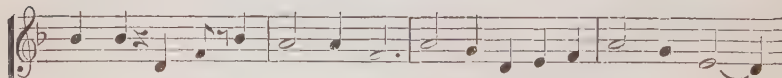
1. Drift - ing care-less-ly with the tide, Drift - ing o - ver the wa-ters wide,
2. Drift - ing al-most up - on the bar, Los - ing sight of the Bea-con Star;
3. Drift - ing on, with no shore in view, Think not skies will be al - ways blue;
4. Drift no long - er! let Je - sus save, Let Him guide you a - cross the wave,



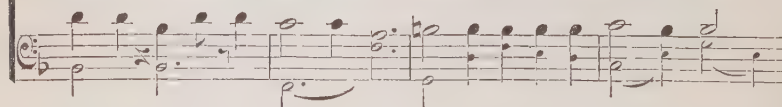
With no Cap-tain your course to guide, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
 From the ha - ven of joy a - far, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
 Storm and shipwreck will come to you, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.
 Lest you sink in a sin - ner's grave, Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.



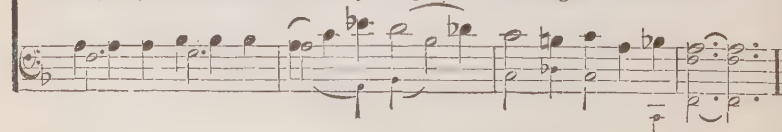
CHORUS.



Drift-ing, drift-ing, no port in sight, Drift-ing far from the gos-pel light;



Lest you go down in the storm-y night; Drift-ing o - ver life's sea.

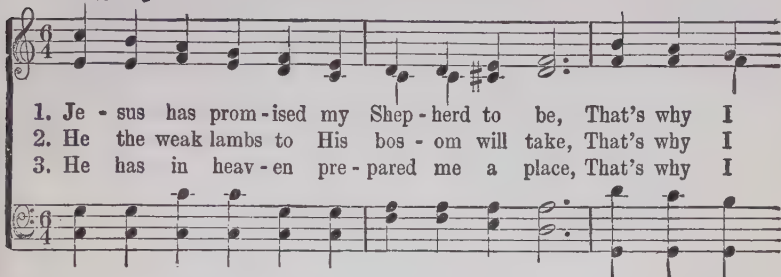


That's Why I Love Him.

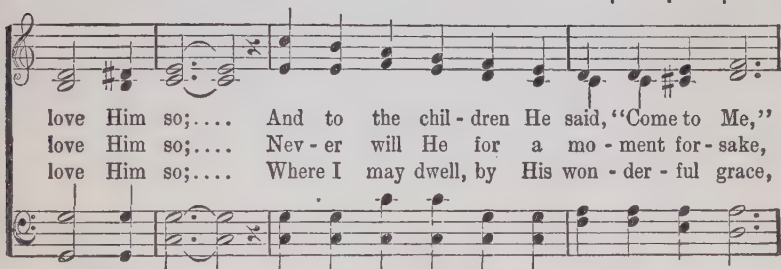
S. L. Arr.

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Scott Lawrence.

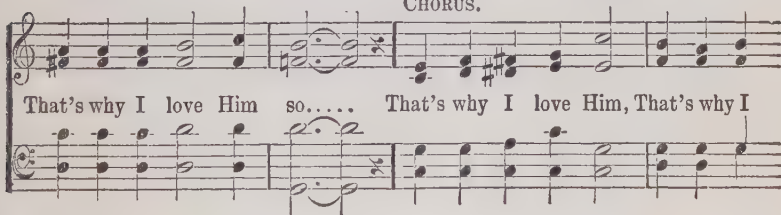
M. 138 = 


1. Je - sus has prom - ised my Shep - herd to be, That's why I
 2. He the weak lambs to His bos - om will take, That's why I
 3. He has in heav - en pre - pared me a place, That's why I



love Him so;... And to the chil - dren He said, "Come to Me,"
 love Him so;... Nev - er will He for a mo - ment for - sake,
 love Him so;... Where I may dwell, by His won - der - ful grace,

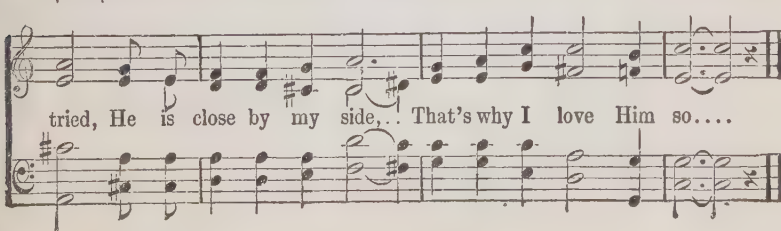
CHORUS.



That's why I love Him so.... That's why I love Him, That's why I



love Him, Be - cause He first loved me;..... When I'm tempt - ed and
 loved me;




tried, He is close by my side... That's why I love Him so....

Spelling Love.

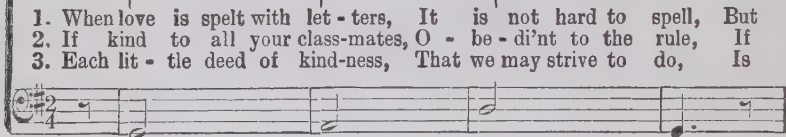

Lucia B. Cook.

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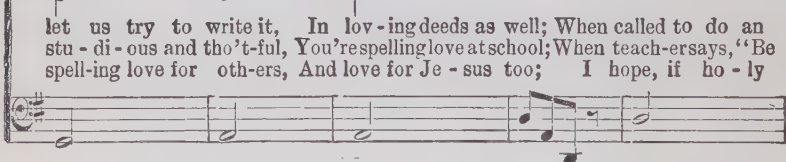
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When love is spelt with let - ters, It is not hard to spell, But
 2. If kind to all your class-mates, O - be - di'nt to the rule, If
 3. Each lit - tle deed of kind-ness, That we may strive to do, Is

let us try to write it, In lov-ing deeds as well; When called to do an
 stu - di - ous and tho't-ful, You're spelling love at school; When teach-ers say, "Be
 spelling love for oth-ers, And love for Je - sus too; I hope, if ho - ly




er-rand, Be sure you don't de-mur; For when you mind your moth-er,
 qui-et," Be sure you do not stir; For when we please the teach-er,
 an-gels Look on us from a - bove, In bright and shin-ing let - ters,




CHORUS.

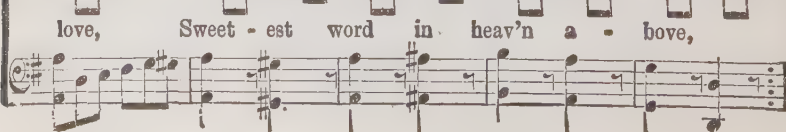


You're spelling love to her.
 We're spelling love to her.
 They'll find us spell-ing love."

{ L - O - V - E That spells
 { Sweet-est word on earth be-

love, Sweet - est word in heav'n a - bove,



Spelling Love.

low..... Let's keep spell - ing as we go.....

99

Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. B.

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P. P. Bliss.

M. 60 = ♩ .

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Still He doth love me wher -
3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I

Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
see the Great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
"Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me!"


Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; e - ven me.

The Song the Shepherds Heard.

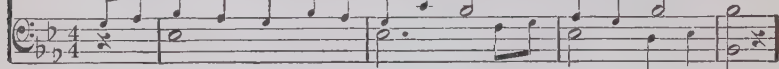
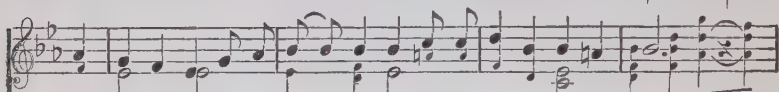
H. H. L.

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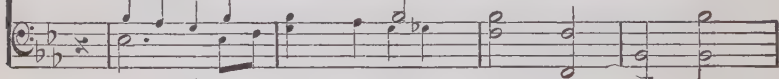
Helen Howarth Lemmel.

M. 108 = 



1. While shep-herds watched their flocks one night, In Ju-de - a far a - way,
2. "Ye shall find the Babe in a man-ger laid, In the town of Beth-le - hem."

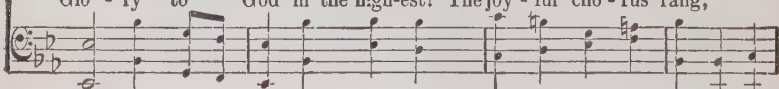

The sky was filled with a wonderful light, And they heard an angel say:
A host of an-gels from heav - en sang, As the seeking shepherds came:




* Use these 8 measures as an Antiphonal.



"Fear not, for be - hold, I bring Glad ti-dings of great joy,
"Glo - ry to God in the high-est!" The joy - ful cho - rus rang,


For un - to you is born this day A Sav-ior, Christ the Lord."
"Glo - ry to God in the high-est, Peace on earth, good-will tow'rd men."




Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = 


1. Stand - ing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's com - mand,
2. Man - y might - y men are lost, Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Man - y gi - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On - to vic - t'ry grand!



Dare to be a Daniel.

Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Dan - iel's Band!
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Dan - iel's Band!
 Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan - iel's Band!
 Sa - tan and His host de - fy, And shout for Dan - iel's Band!

CHORUS.

Dare to be a Dan - iel, Dare to stand a - lone,
 Dare to have a pur - pose firm! Dare to make it known!

102

Closing Prayer.

Mary B. Blakemore.

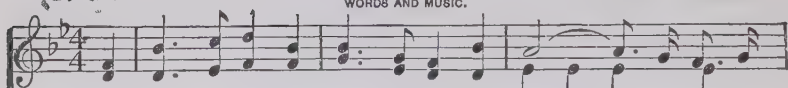
1. Dear Fa - ther, bless us as we go Each on his home - ward way,
 2. Dear Fa - ther, help us day by day Brave - ly to do the right,
 May the sweet les - sons we have learned Help us to love and o - bey.
 Oh, may we grow as Je - sus grew, Pure in Thy Ho - ly Sight. A - men.

All Hail, Immanuel!

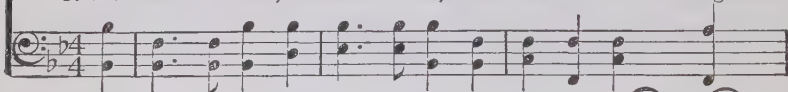
D. R. Van Sickle.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
 2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
 3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and



fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
 round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
 Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-



dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
 crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
 ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is



heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might-y strain: All
 great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
 burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All



hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im-man - u - el!

All hail! all hail!



All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

Hail, Im-man-u-el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty, Glo-ry and maj-es-ty,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un-to Thee, Now and ev-er-more!
Wis-dom be un-to Thee,

Wis-dom and pow-er be un-to Thee, Now and ev-er-more!
Wis-dom be un-to Thee,

Hail, Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail,

Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im-man-u-el! Hail to the King we love so well,

Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!

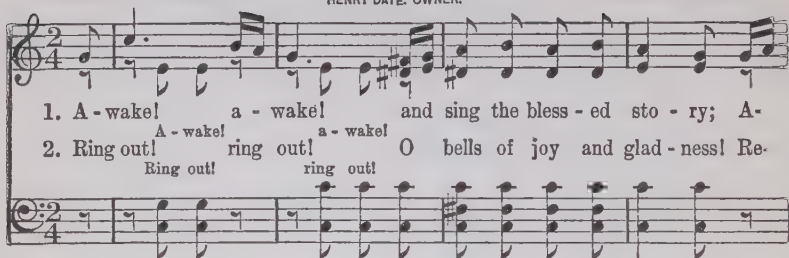
Hail, Im-man-u-el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!

Awakening Chorus.

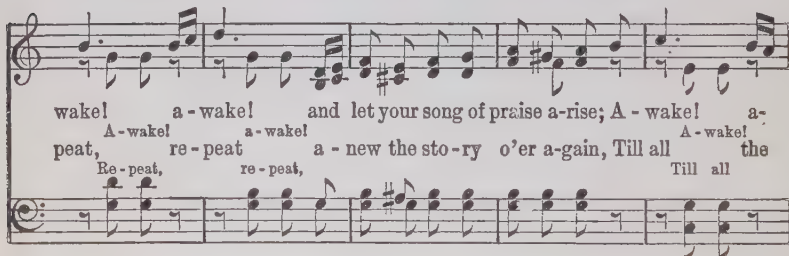
Charlotte G. Homer

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HENRY DATE, OWNER.

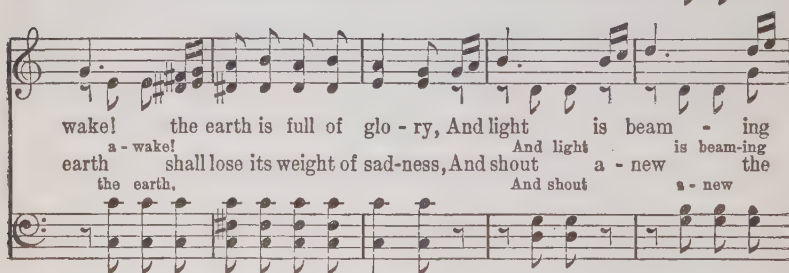
Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A -
 2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re -
 Ring out! ring out!

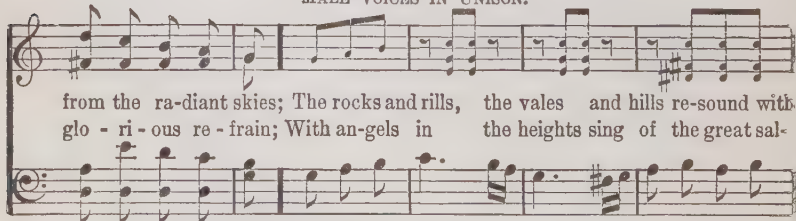


wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a -
 peat, A - wake! a - wake! re - peat, a - new the sto - ry o'er a-gain, Till all A - wake! the
 Re - peat, re - peat, Till all



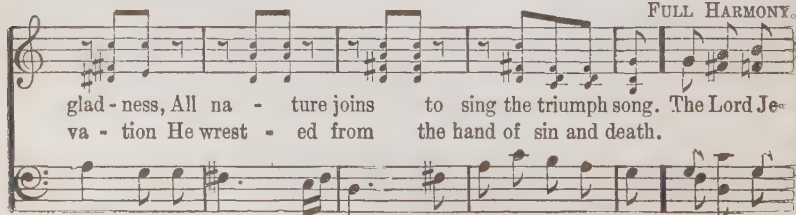
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
 a - wake! shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And light is beam-ing
 earth the earth, And shout a - new the
 And shout a - new

MALE VOICES IN UNISON.



from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
 glo - ri - ous re - frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal -

FULL HARMONY.



glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je -
 va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.

ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!

joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!

FULL HARMONY.

Pro-claim His sov'-reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the

glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!

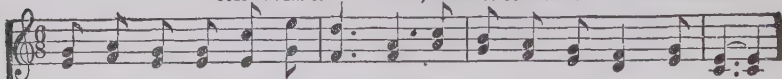
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!

Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

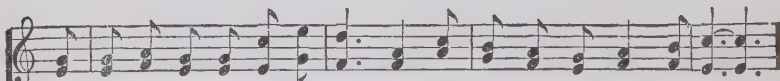
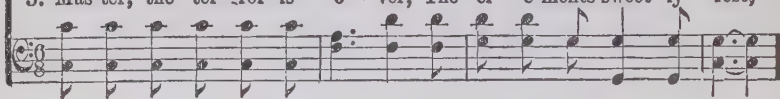
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

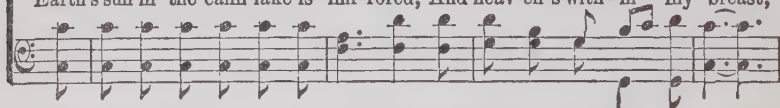
H. R. Palmer



1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;



The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
 The depths of my sad heart are trou-bled—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
 Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And heav-en's with-in my breast;



Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
 Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
 Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;



When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
 And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, hast-en, and take con-trol.
 And with joy I shall make the best har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.



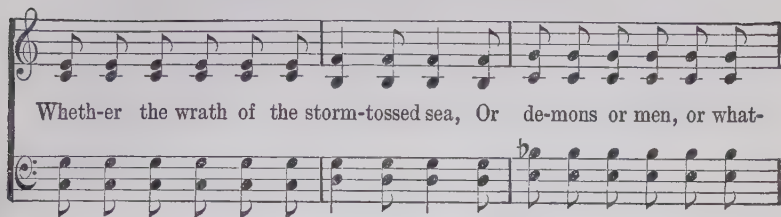
CHORUS.



The winds and the waves shall o-be-y Thy will, Peace . . . be still . . .
 Peace, be still! peace, be still!

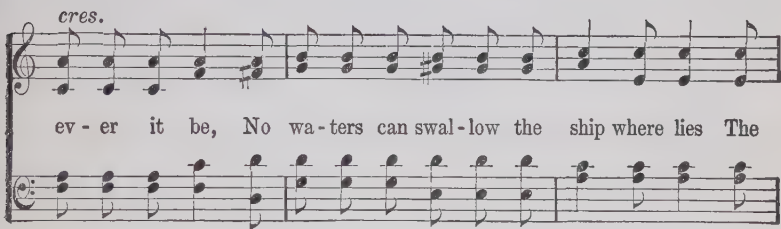


Master, the Tempest is Raging.



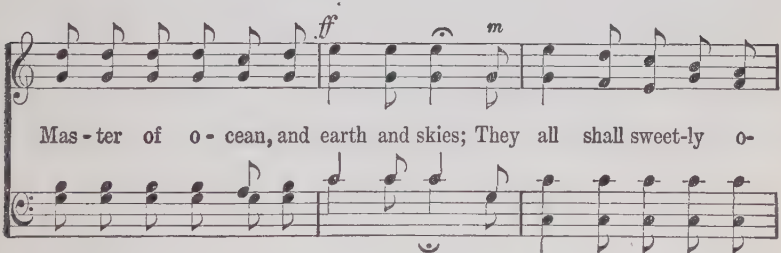
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-

cres.



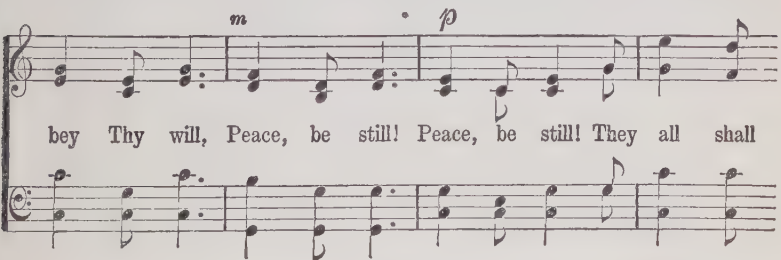
ev - er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The

ff *m*



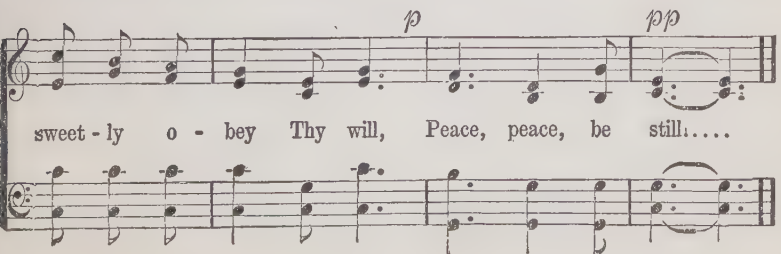
Mas-ter of o - cean, and earth and skies; They all shall sweet-ly o-

m *p*



bey Thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall

p *pp*



sweet - ly o - bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still....

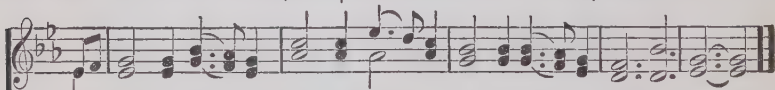
Charlotte Elliott.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

M. 100 =



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With man-y a con-flict, man-y a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
6. Just as I am, Thy love un-known Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



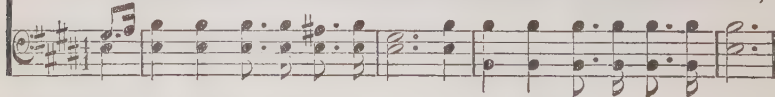
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J. Calvin Bushey.

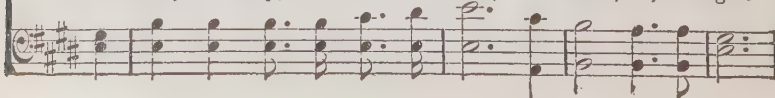
M. 96 =



1. Oh, do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit-y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-es none Who would to Him their souls u-nite;



Poor sin-ner, hard-en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
 Be-lieve, o-bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.



Oh, Why Not To-night?

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-night?
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to - night?

108

Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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C. C. Case.

M. 96 = ♩

1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;

While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.

Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now?
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - - - sus now?

Isaac Watts.

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R. E. Hudson.

1. { Alas! and did my Savior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die, } cred head For such a worm as I?

2. { Was it for crimes that I have done, He groan'd upon the tree, } unknown! And love beyond degree.

A - maz-ing pit-y, grace

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way,

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy all the day.

P. P. B.

THE JOHN CHURCH CO. OWNERS.
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P. P. Bliss.

1. { Ho, my comrades! see the signal Wav-ing in the sky! } Vic - to-ry is nigh.

2. { See the mighty host ad-vanc-ing, Sa-tan lead-ing on: } Cour-age al-most gone!

3. { See the glorious banner waving! Hear the trumpet blow! } O-ver ev-'ry foe.

4. { In our Leader's name we'll triumph. }

5. { Fierce and long the bat-tle rag-es, But our help is near; } Cheer, my comrades, cheer.

6. { Onward comes our great Commander, }

CHORUS.

"Hold the fort, for I am coming," Jesus signals still; Wave the answer back to heaven, "By Thy grace we will."

"Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.
M. 152 = ♩

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P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" — come, come to - day! "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed" — har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say: "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way! Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail, "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call.
 ling'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
 but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail; "Al - most—but lost!"

I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.
M. 166 = ♩

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C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 2- O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO. — I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be!

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
 And now hence - forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like music in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,

{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- } cause He first loved me.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of His precious blood;
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
 In store for every day,
 And tho' I tread a darksome path,
 Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my deepest woe,
 Who in each sorrow bears a part,
 That none can bear below.

114

There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
 D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
 guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
 Shall never lose its power, [blood
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the
 Thy flowing wounds supply [stream
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

115

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home; The paths of sin too
 2. I've wast-ed man-y precious years, Now I'm com-ing home; I now re-pent with
 3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home; I'll trust Thy love, be-
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home; My strength renew, my
 5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home; That Je - sus died, and
 6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home; O wash me whi-ter

D. S. - O - pen wide Thine

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

Fine. CHORUS. D. S.

long I've trod; Lord, I'm coming home.
bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
lieve Thy word; Lord, I'm coming home.
hope re-store; Lord, I'm coming home.
died for me; Lord, I'm coming home.
than the snow; Lord, I'm coming home.

arms of love; Lord, I'm coming home.

116 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-vary.

2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

117 What a Friend.]

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,

W. W. Walford.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, } { In sea-sons }
 And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wishes known! My soul has
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of 3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer, Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 With strong desires for thy return! Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 With such I hasten to the place And since He bids me seek His face,
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face, Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 And gladly take my station there, I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
 2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
 3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
 That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
 And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
 And all the joys I have:
 He make me triumph over death,
 And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall.

John T. Grape.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy power, and Thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
 I stand in Him complete
 "Jesus died my soul to save,"
 My lips shall still repeat

I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey.

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William G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing



Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
 More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



CHORUS:



It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell 'the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.



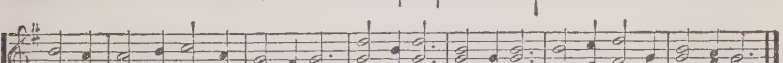
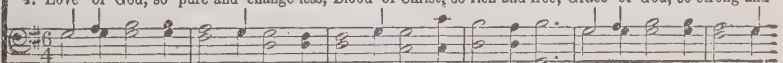
Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner.

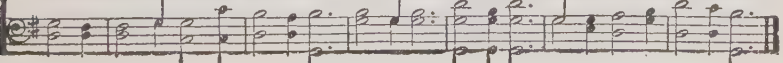
Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re -
 2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
 4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and



fresh - ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
 ra - ther; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 fa - vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
 boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.



P. P. B.

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P. P. BLISS.

1. "Who-so-ever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the blessed tidings all the world around;
Tell the joyful news wher-ever man is found:
2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen, en-ter while you may;
Je - sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:
3. "Who-so-ev-er will!" the promise is secure; "Who-so-ev-er will," for-ev-er must endure;
"Who-so-ev-er will!" 'tis life for-ev-er more:

FINE. CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will." Send the
D.S. "Whoso-ev-er will may come,"

proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home;
D. S.

Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.

REPRIN.

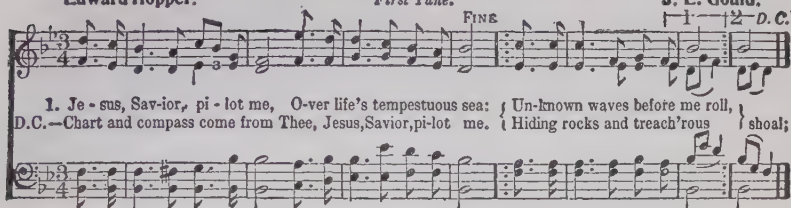
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper.

First Tune.

J. E. Gould.



1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea; { Un-known waves before me roll, }
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous } shoal;

1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

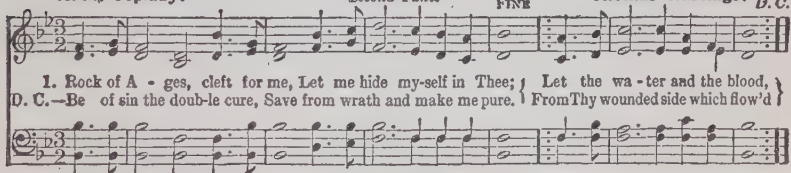
3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Second Tune.

Thomas Hastings. D. C.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood, }
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd }

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

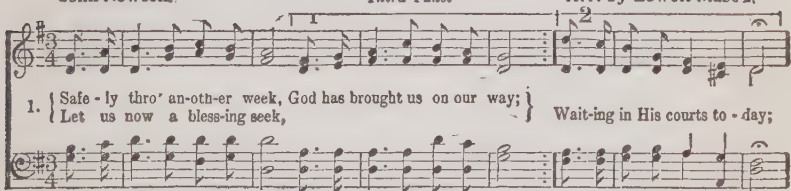
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Safely Through Another Week.

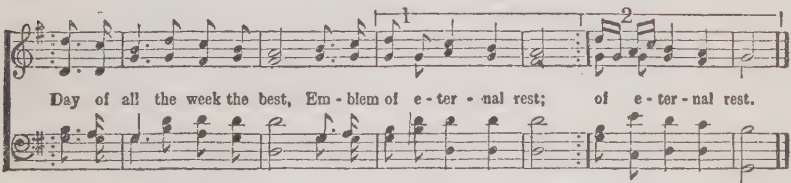
John Newton.

Third Tune.

Arr. by Lowell Mason.



1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; }
{ Let us now a bless-ing seek, } Waiting in His courts to - day;

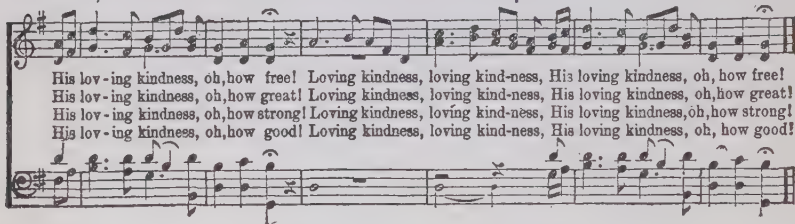
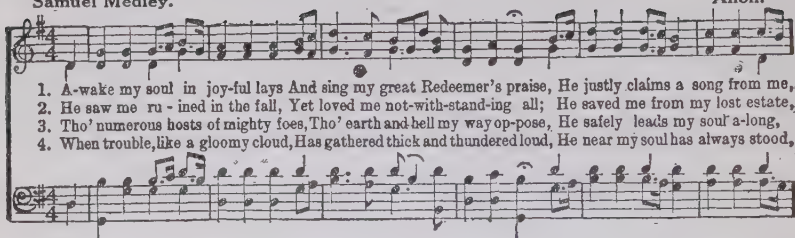


Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

2 While we pray for pard'ning grace, 3 Here we come Thy name to praise; 4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Let us feel Thy pesence near; Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Show thy reconciled face, May Thy glory meet our eyes, Make the fruits of grace abound,
Take away our sin and shame; While we in Thy house appear; Bring relief to all complaints;
From our worldly cares set free, Here afford us, Lord, a taste Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
May we rest this day in Thee. Of our everlasting feast. Till we join the church above.

Samuel Medley.

Anon.

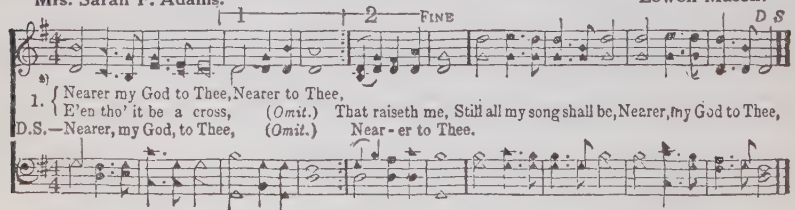


129

Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.



2 Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee;
 Nearer to Thee!

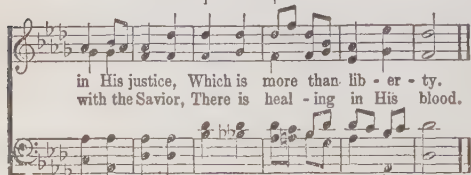
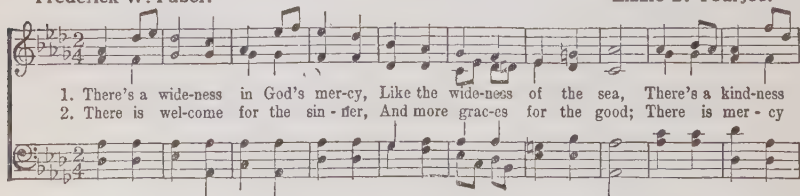
4 Or if, on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee!

130

There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber.

Lizzie S. Tourjee.



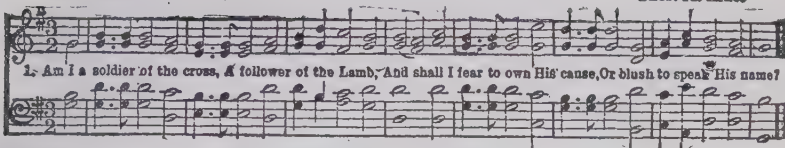
3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal,
 Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts.

Thos. A. Arne.



1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb; And shall I fear to own His' cause, Or blush to speak His name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

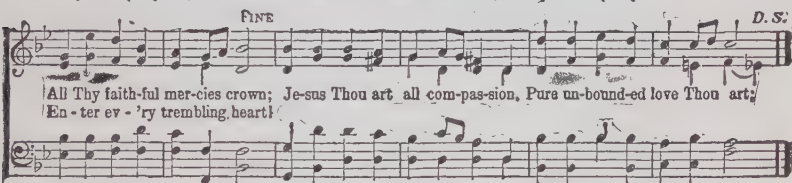
Love Divine.

Charles Wesley.

John Zundel.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion.



[All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
[En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart]

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving
Into every troubled breast! [Spirit
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning.
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceas-
Glory in Thy perfect love! [ing,

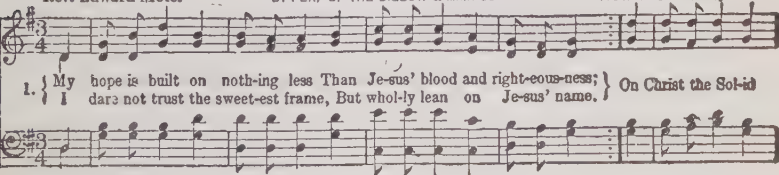
4 Finish then Thy new-creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise,

The Solid Rock.

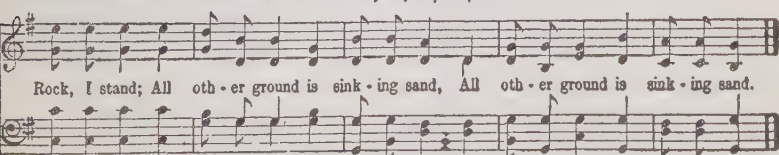
Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. { My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.



Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face;
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne,

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Fellce Gardini.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all -
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al -
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev - er more! His sov'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
 peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of - hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
 might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts.

Second Tune.

Hugh Wilson.

1. Alas! and did my Savior bleed? And did my Sovereign die? Would He devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done, 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 He groaned upon the tree? And shut His glories in, [died, The debt of love I owe:
 Amazing pity! grace unknown! When Christ, the mighty Maker, Here, Lord, I give myself away, —
 And love beyond degree! For man, the creature's sin. 'Tis all that I can do.

Joy to the World.

I. Watts.

Second Tune.

G. F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him
 2. Joy to the world! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
 3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous -

room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
 plains. Repeat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
 flow Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
 ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won - ders of His love.

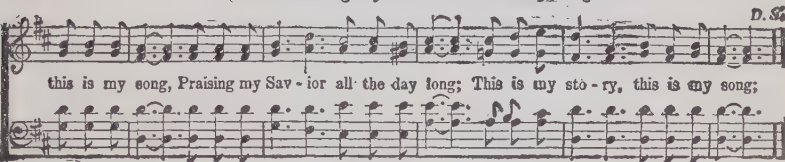
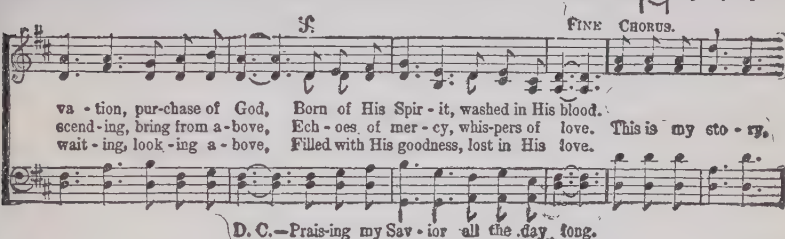
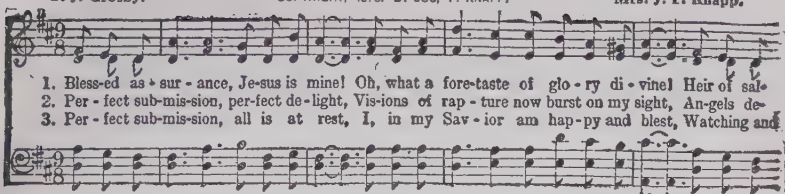
Sing.

And heav'n and na - ture sing. And heav'n and na - ture sing.

F. J. Crosby.

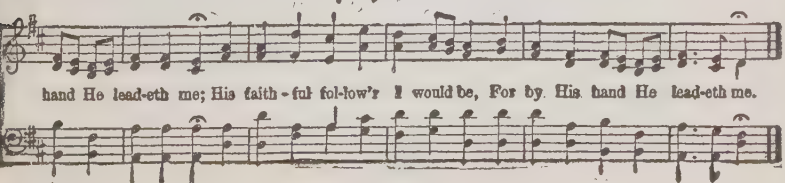
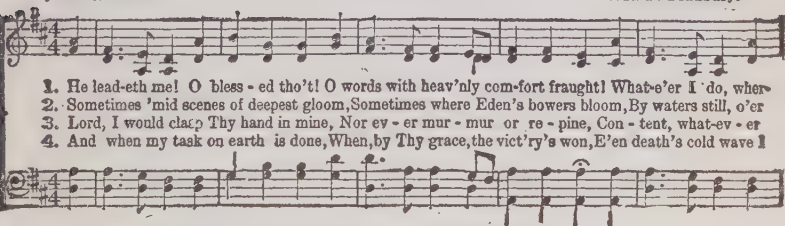
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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.



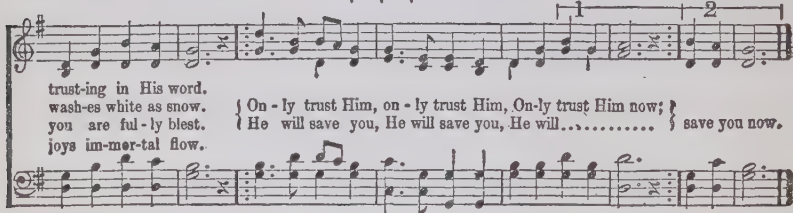
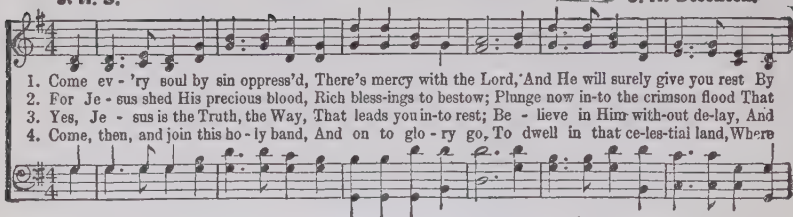
J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

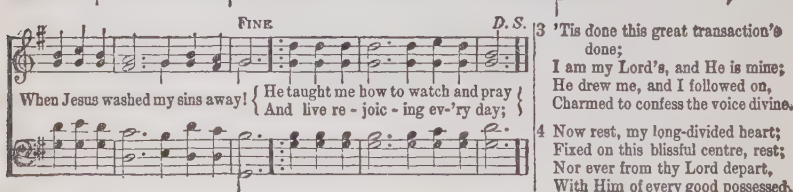
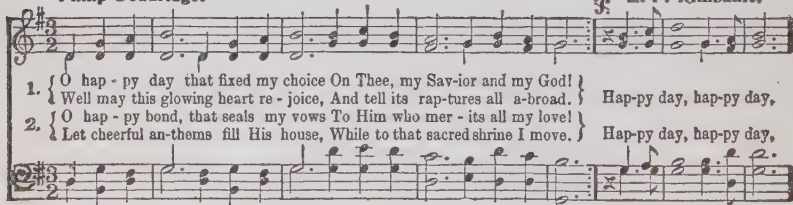


140

O Happy Day.

Phillip Doddridge.

E. F. Rimbault.

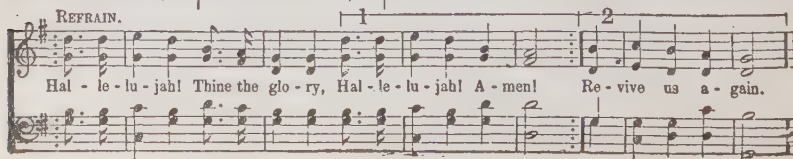


141

Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.



I Will Arise and Go to Jesus.

M. 92 =

1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
 2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome, God's free boun-ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y - la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall,

CHO. — *I will a-rise and go to Je-sus, He will embrace me in His arms;*
 D. C. CHORUS.

Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit-ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear San-ior, Oh, there are ten thousand charms.

Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould.

Joseph Barnby.

M. 80 =

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. When the morn-ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

Responsive Readings

144 Psalm 95-96

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

* * *

O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

145 Salvation.

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord

is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life,

To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

146 Winning Souls.

For we are laborers together with God.

The field is the world.

Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.

He first findeth his own brother, Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias. . . . And he brought him to Jesus.

Let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the

Responsive Readings.

Error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.

And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.

He that goeth forth and reapeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

His Lord said unto him, Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

And let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

147 Our Refuge

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noon-day.

A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him:

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him.

With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

148 All for Jesus.

Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.

For this is the will of God, even your sanctification.

Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved.

Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.

Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.

A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

For we have not an high priest which can not be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was

Responsive Readings.

in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

For both he that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one: for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

Love not the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.

And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God abideth forever.

149 Praising God.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plentious in mercy.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever.

150 Praise and Prayer.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles.

They shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.

O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

151 The Shepherd Psalm.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul:

He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil:

Responsive Readings.

For thou art with me; they rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:

Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

152 The Lord is Good.

O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.

The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger:

But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

Come, ye children; hearken unto me:

I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile: depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.

The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

153 Isaiah 55.

1. Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that

hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2. Wherefore do ye spend money for *that which is not* bread? and your labour for *that which satisfieth not*? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye *that which is good*, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3. Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, *even the sure mercies of David*.

4. Behold, I have given him *for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people*.

5. Behold, thou shalt call a nation *that thou knowest not*, and nations *that knew not thee* shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6. Seek ye the LORD while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the LORD, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8. For my thoughts *are not your thoughts*, neither *are your ways my ways*, saith the LORD.

9. For *as the heavens are higher than the earth*, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater;

11. So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper *in the thing* whereto I sent it.

12. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap *their hands*.

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